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GILBERT HARDING drawn by VICKY

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East-West Trade Becomes Respectable

LAST November the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade, under the chairmanship of Lord Boyd-Orr, sought to organise a British businessmen's mission to Moscow for the purpose of "private enterprise" trade talks. Whereupon the Foreign Secretary, declaring—on wholly insufficient grounds—that the Council was a Communist-front organisation, urged the businessmen to have nothing to do with it. The foolish nature of that attack is illustrated by this week's decision of a similar, though slightly differently constituted, group of thirty important British industrialists to visit Moscow under their own steam. No doubt they will find their mission slightly more difficult, their contacts slightly less easy to make, without the assistance of the Council. Their enterprise is an effective snub to Mr. Eden; it is endorsed by both the Board of Trade and the Soviet All-Union Chamber of Commerce.

It is a coincidence that this week should also have been chosen by Mr. Stassen to urge upon the business communities of both Europe and the U.S. the desirability, on political and economic grounds, of expanding non-strategic East-West trade. The reality of this striking change of attitude is to be found in economic factors on both sides of the Iron Curtain. In the Soviet Union, the new regime has evidently set itself the urgent task of achieving a rapid raising of domestic living standards. That means non-strategic imports. In fact, according to the latest quarterly Bulletin of the Economic Commission for Europe, trade agreements were concluded, early in 1953, between the U.S.S.R. and France, Denmark, Greece, Iceland and Argentina; as well as satellite agreements between Hungary and France, Czechoslovakia and both Austria and West Germany, Poland and Denmark, Bulgaria and Austria.

On the Western side of the Iron Curtain the most important economic factor of the year has been the very substantial slowing down of arms production. That means the beginning of a surplus of manufacturing capacity not exclusively strategic. In fact, the change which the 1951 and 1952 arms programme wrought on the economy of both this country and the U.S. was principally the huge expansion in tool-making capacity; in other words, in the manufacturing potential of durable consumer goods no less than of arms. Durable consumer goods, and the tools with which to make them, are what the Russians now most urgently want.

Unlike the British Foreign Office, Mr. Stassen is quite fly enough to realise that, with all the capacity which the tapering off of rearmament sets free, the "orthodox recession" can be kept in reasonable check within the American capitalist system only by the aid of new markets. The same is true of Britain and, to a lesser extent, the other countries of West Europe. Moreover, the need to save dollars remains. It would, indeed, become more pressing in the face of a U.S. recession; and the Soviet Union and its satellites are well equipped to play the role of dollar-savers. E.C.E. put the point clearly in its quarterly Bulletin when it gave warning that the recent increase in Western Europe's exports to the U.S. was closely related to the American defence programme, and this trade would be sensitive to any significant reduction in U.S. arms output. A more important factor in the temporary improvement of Western Europe's dollar balance of payments, notes the Bulletin, has been the steady decline since the beginning of 1952 in the percentage of Western European imports derived from the dollar area. This, in itself, is an obviously impoverishing process: if Western Europe is to obtain adequate supplies of foodstuffs and raw materials for its factories, excluded dollar imports must be replaced by imports from other sources; and E.C.E. commented that Eastern European countries now appeared to be willing to supply a wider range of goods.

As the economics of the cold war change, the hard-faced men who now dominate the Administration in Washington are not likely to allow their business interests to be impaired by an over-scrupulous loyalty to last year's political slogans. A few months ago only such subversive elements as

E.C.E., the leading British engineering and electrical industrialists, Lord Boyd-Orr and this journal dared to point out the unchallengeable advantage to Britain of expanding East-West trade. Today that advantage has become an American interest and thus respectable. Tomorrow even the Foreign Office may feel safe enough to venture its cautious, qualified approval.

Outlaws: New Style

No part of President Eisenhower's State of the Union message has attracted more attention than his proposal to strip Communists of their rights of citizenship. This fantastic idea, which revives outlawry in a sophisticated modern form, is no doubt part of the attempt to outbid Senator McCarthy, which is discussed in a striking article that we publish on a later page. As the President set it out, the plan would extend to anyone convicted of "conspiring to teach or advocate violent overthrow of the U.S. Government," an offence for which American Communists have so far been sentenced to prison under the Smith Act. If such a law were passed, it would put a convicted Communist into the same category as an alien Communist resident in the U.S.—with the exception that an alien, presumably, has some homeland to which he may be able to return or be deported. The new style of outlaw could not vote, hold public office or secure a passport; he could serve neither on a jury nor in the armed forces; if abroad, he could expect no help from U.S. consular officials and might not have the right of re-entry into the U.S. This last provision, indeed, might create international difficulties for America: a country hitherto has supposedly been obliged to accept its own nationals, however it might treat them afterwards. This plan, on paper at least, goes a long way beyond the loss of civil rights normally imposed on felons, beyond even the loss of citizenship imposed for swearing allegiance to a foreign Power or enlisting in a foreign army. In such cases, a freeborn American could reclaim his rights by applying for naturalisation. In this case, however, the loss would be irrevocable.

The Fifth Amendment

The President's other request, for a law to circumvent the provisions of the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination, is more intelligently malicious. A witness may refuse to testify, either in a court or before a committee of Congress, if he fears that he will thus incriminate himself, and though the price of silence is now, in many cases, dismissal from official or university employment, more and more people have been pleading the Fifth Amendment. The reason, it should be explained, is that if they answer any material question about themselves, they can then be forced to testify about their friends and associates. It is to get round the protection that the Bill of Rights thus affords, without the need to amend the Constitution, that the lawyers have thought up this new proposal, which will, if adopted, permit the Attorney-General to offer witnesses immunity from prosecution if they testify. They could not then protect their silence behind the Fifth Amendment. At the same time, the Administration wants Congress to legalise evidence obtained by wire-tapping. This practice is widely employed, but, despite its obvious uses, no information secured in this way is admissible in a court. The present Congress, looking to November elections, will doubtless oblige the President.

Party Rift in Yugoslavia

It is difficult as yet to assess the significance and probable consequences of the official rebuke issued by the Executive Committee of the Yugoslav Union of Communists against Mr. Milovan Djilas, Chairman of the Party and Vice-President of the Republic. That Djilas should be regarded as guilty of "heresy" is not, perhaps, surprising. First, in *New Thought*, he had criticised the Committee for partisan arrogance towards the non-party wives of two military leaders, Peko Dapcevic, the Chief of Staff, and Lt.-Gen. Silbegovic. Then, in *Borba*, he published a series of articles charging the Union with undertaking work "outdated because of the advance of democracy." Implying that the revolution in Yugoslavia was now finished, he challenged sharply the Union's claim to enjoy a monopoly of "Socialist consciousness." This was clearly too much for many leading members on the Executive Committee, who probably felt that Djilas's assertion that the Party's future role should be educational, and that it should more or less withdraw from interference in the country's administration, would lead to the virtual destruction of the Party. There seems to be no evidence of widespread public hostility to Djilas's "line," but there is little doubt that the Executive Committee hopes to persuade Djilas to recant and undo the damage to Party discipline which his articles have caused. Should he refuse, it seems probable that Djilas will be removed from his post as Chairman of the Party. Such a step might considerably widen, in the country at large, the rift between the Old Guard and the "neo-liberals."

Death in the Comet

The death of 35 people in the Comet, so sudden that they cannot even cry for help, shocks us in a way that the road accident figures never do. The tremendous organisation of rescue and inquiry which follows such a disaster heightens the drama and tends to focus attention on the dangers of flying. Yet every day in Britain 14 people die on the roads and about another 650 are wounded. It can be said against flying that there is a high proportion of death to injuries in air accidents. But that very fact has led to an organisation and method for safety which has rendered civil flying, despite the inherent dangers of the air, a relatively safe form of transport. Public opinion, no less than the law, rightly requires a most searching examination whenever the system fails and an accident occurs. But, as we await the findings of the inquiry into last Sunday's disaster, it is worth remembering that, on the evidence to date, British civil aviation has a pre-eminent safety record; B.O.A.C. stands out as a strikingly well administered enterprise; and the Comet is held by experts to be, not only the finest, but one of the safest civil aircraft in the world.

PARIS

Storm Signals

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Last Wednesday, the Assembly grudgingly gave the Laniel Government another lease of life. For months, Deputies had been looking forward to January as an opportunity to stage a full-scale Ministerial crisis and devise a new Government formula. But when the time came, they found too many reasons for postponing the showdown. In the first place, *somebody* had to be at Berlin on the 25th. Then, too, the Presidential election proved fairly conclusively that there is, at present, no majority either for a Left-Centre Government or for a wide coalition based on opposition to E.D.C. —the only two alternatives to a Government of the Laniel type. Finally, the internal unity of the majority parties (particularly the Independents) is too precarious to be exposed to the fierce atmosphere of an investiture debate. The vote, it is true, showed that the centre of gravity of the majority is shifting to the Right: only 33 out of 76 Radicals voted for the Government, which means that M. Laniel will have to rely increasingly on the Gaullists in the future. But there was no atmosphere of crisis in the Chamber on Wednesday night. M. Laniel was able, without much protest, to avoid a formal motion of confidence, and simply relied on a favourable vote on the adjournment.

But for the future things are much less certain. The Defence and Education estimates have still to be voted. Urgent decisions are required, not only in Indo-China, but in Morocco, where a wave of terrorism is sweeping the country. And the catalogue does not end here. As the latest O.E.E.C. report on France shows, 1954 may well be a year of crisis for the French economy, even if an American recession is avoided. During the last six months, the balance of external payments has undergone notable improvement. But this has been due, as the report points out, not to increased competitiveness on the part of France's exports, but to non-recurrent factors—a favourable shift in the terms of trade, triple subsidies to exporters, immense cuts in imports and, above all, increased dollar aid. The report was highly critical of the way in which French officials and politicians regarded dollar aid as a permanent *deus ex machina* always at hand to save them from taking necessary but unpalatable decisions. In 1954, this situation will be aggravated. Off-shore purchases in France will reach their maximum; direct Defence aid is to be increased from £173m. to £185m.; and credits for Indo-China will be increased from £68m. to £135m. Not only the Budget but the overall economic forecast for 1954 is based on the assumption that dollar aid on this scale will continue.

Internally, the economic situation is more explicitly alarming. Unemployment has now topped the quarter-million mark, under-employment is 20 per cent. higher than at the corresponding period last year, and there are reports of widespread stoppages of work in the metallurgical industry. Despite falling production—which decreased by 5 per cent. during 1953—stocks of consumer goods are piling up, with a corresponding fall in private investment. Demands for wage increases are multiplying. At the end of December, the Collective Bargaining Commission announced new minimum wage scales and family allowances, involving increases of from 30-40 per cent. As wages are linked to the cost-of-living index, which fell four points last year, the Government is not obliged to abide by the Commission's findings. But it cannot reject them out of hand, since the summoning of the Commission was one of the concessions it made last August

to end the strikes. At the same time, it may find great difficulty in getting the *patronat* to agree to even small increases. The representatives of management refused to attend the meetings of the Commission and subsequently denounced its findings. If, as seems likely, the attitude of management is hardening, the Government may be faced with crisis on last August's scale.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Skilled Work for Africans?

A Correspondent writes: An interesting conflict of opinion is coming to a head between the two great copper-mining groups in this Territory. Should African workers be allowed to acquire skills and skilled jobs in industry, and more especially in mining? South African opinion—represented there both by the Anglo-American Corporation (Rhokana, Nchanga, and Broken Hill mines) and by the White mineworkers' union—says they should not. This opinion sees the political and social colour bar as untenable without an industrial colour bar, while the White mineworkers also fear dilution. Hitherto this South African opinion has had things mostly its own way. But there was always a second, opposing opinion, which may be called the American opinion—represented by the Rhodesian Selection Trust (Mufulira and Roan Antelope mines). This second opinion held that the way of wisdom for mine owners in Northern Rhodesia, where the White population was very small and would probably never be large, was to follow the Belgian Congo system—and abolish the colour bar in industrial skills.

Now this second opinion—opposing a rigid colour bar in mining—is making itself heard more vigorously through the mouth of the present energetic chairman of the Rhodesian Selection Trust, Mr. R. L. Prain. Some months ago Mr. Prain opened his gambit with a statement on the need for advancing Africans to skilled jobs in industry. The Anglo-American Corporation, closely linked to South African ways of thought, found Mr. Prain's statement embarrassing: the White mineowners, on their side, prepared for battle. But Mr. Prain was clearly not speaking without the book. Late in November he returned to the charge, remarking at Roan Antelope's general meeting that "nothing is clearer than that the present situation is untenable both in principle and in practice," and that to "harbour the delusion" that change in this case could take place "under conditions of gradualness" was "to blind oneself deliberately to the lessons of history." It is indeed something to have the chairman of mining companies talking of the "lessons of history"; but there is no doubt that Mr. Prain means what he says and knows that he has the strong backing of American industrial opinion behind him. Now, within these last few weeks, the mining companies have been again in conference on Mr. Prain's statement.

One of the results of Central African Federation (and, as some suspect, one of the causes) is the greatly increased flow of American capital into the Rhodesias. Very large sums in dollars are now being spent on electric power supply and the extension of copper, cobalt, and uranium mining in Northern Rhodesia. Although this capital flows into the old master-slave relationship of permanent White supremacy and cheap African labour, it promises in the long run—if Mr. Prain's trend of opinion has its way—considerably and beneficially to modify that relationship. The process will be slow, and the price the Africans have paid for it—federation—is disproportionately high: yet it suggests that U.S. imperialism may not simply re-enact past stupidities.

SWANSEA

Tinplate Problems

Our Correspondent in South Wales writes: The unexpected reopening of old-style tinplate mills in West Wales has had the less surprising result that there is a shortage of labour to man them. The mills have reopened although they are uneconomic because the Steel Company of Wales wants to keep markets open until the new cold-mill is operating in 1957. Naturally, men young enough to believe they have a future in another industry will not return to one which at the outside has a four-year life. Middle-aged men have a different point of view; many of them have left their new, navvying jobs and have returned to the mills because there is more money there. They also have in mind the fact that, when labour is selected for the new cold-mill, a management-union agreement lays down that men already in the industry have first to be considered for jobs even if not automatically selected. For all that, the labour shortage is so acute that the Steel Company has been forced to close—this time for ever—one of the reopened Llanelly factories.

One factor which might well influence the behaviour of ex-tinplate workers has not yet emerged, and that is the method of distributing the £500,000 Tinplate Compensation Fund. This Fund—a rare species in the history of industry—was established by the owners to compensate manual labourers for the disappearance of their industry. Not a penny has yet been handed out, and it seems as if none will be until the industry has been finally and literally scrapped. The people who are then likely to be compensated are those actually present at the moment of closure who are unable to find work. If so, objections will come from a number of groups. Old and middle-aged men who have left the industry, even if they have other, less well-paid work, will feel that they deserve some recompense. After all, they are not likely to have found new work better than that available to men who leave the tinplate works when they are finally closed. People are also likely to question the decision on the exact date the industry will be declared dead. When the last mill closes? Or the last six? It makes a difference when compensation is concerned.

From Colony to Nation

STUDENTS whom I addressed at the University of Ibadan were very like a London School of Economics or Oxford Labour Club audience of the Thirties. About 360 of the total student population of 420 turned up at the lecture, and when I had finished talking about Nationalism in Asia and Africa, I was courteously but firmly assailed for assuming that Britain ever intended any self-government for Nigeria. Why, if so, did we take away self-government from Guiana? Why score up the number of Kikuyu killed in Kenya? Why federate Central Africa against African wishes? And why bomb Africans? The attack dissolved in laughter when I reminded them that I was not Mr. Oliver Lyttelton in person. Finally they explained their scepticism by saying that the British were *always* twisters—they evaded the analogy of Indian independence—and then more subtly argued that the Northern Region of Nigeria would not agree to self-government because British District Officers would see to it that Emirs went on opposing Nigerian unity.

This last point is worth careful consideration. Northern Nigeria is a huge, varied, but predominantly Moslem territory that is not historically attached to the southern half of the country. It is "backward" in the sense that it is less politically and economically Westernised. It is one of the few surviving examples of "indirect rule." The British District Officer has more influence there than elsewhere, and, unlike his opposite number in East Africa, he has a deep affection for the people and a respect for their institutions. The Northern D.O. is usually a friend of the Emir, who is apt to take his advice. He shares with the Emirs a detestation of what they regard as the rootless and often corrupt politicians from the South. The atmosphere in the North (where corruption is more systematic and unspectacular) is that of the Middle East, where the British talk endlessly of the fine, upstanding warrior types, who are not "spoilt" by Western ideas. Certainly the British in the North are conservative. They will yield with good grace when the time comes, but, in the meantime, they prophesy disaster if the authority of the Emirs is threatened.

The sceptical young men in Ibadan are nevertheless mistaken in thinking that, if self-government is delayed in Nigeria, it will be "all the fault of the British." Moslem conservatism is not of British manufacture, nor is the Northerners' fear of being run by the more "advanced" Ebos. Even if the nationalist parties were allowed a free hand to spread their propaganda in the North—which they are not—it would take time to convert this vast Moslem area, which contains more than half Nigeria's 32 millions, to modern notions. It will not be easy either to convert or overthrow the Emirs who react violently against the followers or allies of Awolowo and Azikiwe. Very few, if any, of the Emirs have yet reached the point of realising the long-run advantage of putting themselves at the head of the nationalist movement. Sooner or later the resistance of Islam will weaken, but in the meantime, politicians at Lagos will do well to play their cards carefully and to decide whether they hope to regain the confidence of Emirs with whom they flirted at the London Conference, or whether seriously to base their policies on the organisation of popular movements which will be regarded in the North as subversive.

The transformation of a Moslem country into a democracy is a complex business, and I was not surprised to learn that the British authorities are alarmed, not only by the "subversive elements" fostered by East and West politicians, but at least as much by fanatical Moslems who have become active since disrespectful nationalist mobs began to demonstrate against the Emirs. Awolowo and Azikiwe might find a Western African equivalent of the Moslem Brotherhood as great an obstruction as the British. The position is not wholly unlike that of India and Pakistan. The majority of British officials were pro-Moslem, but the ultimate tragedy was not of their doing, but Dr. Jinnah's. The analogy only breaks down because, unlike Pakistan, Northern Nigeria has no access to the sea.

The second obstacle to Nigerian self-government is the rivalry of Awolowo and Azikiwe (universally known as Zik). Awolowo is a solid character, limited, I thought after a long conversation, by his Yoruba patriotism. He is not always wise; his threatening letter about Lagos gave Mr. Lyttelton an easy opening, and left people wondering, if he were prepared for the West to break away from the rest of Nigeria, how far he really cared about Nigerian unity. One feels that he knows his strength lies in the economic viability of the West, and with that assurance behind him he may be too rigid to make the compromises necessary for Nigerian unity.

Zik, now installed with his majority in the East, is a very different type of man. An American-style politician, he sees politics not so much as a fight for a party or a principle, as a form of big business from which both money and prestige may be won. He is a businessman with a large, and somewhat dubiously run, bank of his own; he claims to be a Socialist as well as a capitalist, and he declares himself a Marxist as well as an admirer of the Buchmanite movement. He is surrounded by a gang of notoriously corrupt politicians. He is withal charming to everyone and a spell-binder on the platform. His popular appeal extends to Lagos and his organisation covers more of the country than Awolowo's Action Group. His name is known in remote villages in Eastern Nigeria. His quarrel with Awolowo, with whom he joined forces for a time, now appears to be irreconcilable.

In the long run, these divisions between North, East and West will be overcome. The unifying factors will grow. The students of Ibadan will themselves become the teachers, administrators, and political leaders of their own country. They will have the advantage over the older generation of Nigerian leaders that they will have been educated in their own land. The country will grow together economically, and the effect of common finance and communications, coupled with the tide of democratic sentiment, will be decisive. Self-government is both desirable and inevitable, but democrats and nationalists, both in Britain and Nigeria, will merely delude themselves if they think of Nigeria as a unit in which an oppressed African population is only obstructed by the British from its goal of self-government and prosperity. On the contrary, the situation is highly complex, and in the absence of new leaders, or a very swift reconciliation between the existing leaders, Mr. Lyttelton's role at the coming conference will merely be to sit back and politely listen to Nigerians quarrelling.

Probably the most creative approach today—if Mr. Lyttelton wishes Nigeria to move to self-government—would be to tackle realistically the problem of "Africanisation" of the civil service. Though it may be politically necessary for Nigerian leaders to blame the British for all Nigeria's difficulties, there is not a political leader who will not admit that today British officials are absolutely essential to Nigeria, and that it is vital that many of them remain as administrators and technicians after self-government. There are simply not enough honest, educated, and efficient Africans to fill the necessary posts. Admitting this, Nigerian leaders draw the correct inference that the British have failed in their duty in not training these African officials, and that the most urgent step is to hasten the pace of African education, and to speed up the process by which Africans take the place of Europeans.

In the Gold Coast, Nkrumah has eased the situation by a satisfactory statement about the Gold Coast's continued need of British civil servants, and the terms of their contracts under self-government. The details are now being worked out between the Colonial Office and the Gold Coast. In Nigeria, the position is much less advanced. Europeans ask themselves and each other what would be the terms of service, the conditions of security and independence, and their pension rights, if Nigeria as a whole, or the three Regions separately, obtain a larger measure of self-government in 1956. Equally important is the doubt among men who are devoted to their jobs, as well as amongst some who are looking for excuses to clear out, whether they will be able, under a future Africa administration, to go on working without being subject to political intrigue and pressure; whether the civil service will not be used as a scapegoat by the politicians, and their own positions be rendered intolerable. Will they find themselves thrown out in the cold if they maintain that measure of administrative independence which is necessary for self-respect—a question that affects differently the young man with his career before him, the middle-aged man, who would, in any case, be retiring before long, and, most vulnerable of all, the married man who may reasonably fear to find himself thrown on the employment market when he is nearing forty, with no training, except the knowledge of an African language and experience of African administration?

Two remarks come to my mind as significant of many. The first was made by an African, the second by a European. The African was one of a group of European and African civil servants with whom I raised these questions. He was a young, first-class administrator in a highly responsible position. He said "Yes, this question of the status of the civil servant after self-government, and his relation with the politicians, is of the first importance. But it is not only a European question. The danger to African civil servants is no less great. We must ensure the independence and integrity of the whole Civil Service, African and British." The second remark was made in a long private talk I had with a British official whose experience had been in the North. He was an enthusiast, who certainly wished to stay on and work in the new order. The solution, he thought, was not in obtaining a special guarantee for the British. He referred to two articles on a Commonwealth Civil Service that recently appeared in *The Times*. He wanted, he said, a service in which colour was forgotten, in which Africans, Asians and Europeans could work together where they were wanted with equal status. He added "It's no use bothering too much about our security; the Civil Service will be less safe than it used to be. We have got to run risks, and play the best part we can as servants of the new self-governing nation." Such remarks give one good grounds for hope in West Africa.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Roots of McCarthyism

We print below an abbreviated version of an important editorial which appears in the current issue of the independent Socialist magazine, Monthly Review, *published in New York.*

THE Dexter White case has been interpreted as a mere political manœuvre by the Republicans to offset recent electoral defeats and to blow up the Communist bogy as the main issue in next year's Congressional elections. But there is another aspect of this affair which has received less attention though basically it is much more important. The White case is in reality an episode in a bitter struggle within the Republican Party, and this struggle in turn is a reflection of a sharp conflict (or, more accurately, complex of conflicts) within the American ruling class.

It is important to understand, first of all, that Brownell's Chicago speech accusing Truman of having knowingly promoted a Russian spy did not represent a sudden change of tactics by the Administration. After last summer's clash between the Administration and McCarthy—in which the issues were book-burning, Communism in the Protestant clergy, and the untouchability of the Central Intelligence Agency—the Administration seems to have decided that the best way to defeat McCarthy was to outdo him in abusing and "exposing" Communists.

Truman was right when he charged in his speech of November 16 that the Eisenhower Administration "has fully embraced, for political advantage, McCarthyism." What he did not say, but could have with equal truth, was that the embrace was entered into, not on election day, but many months earlier. And what he might have added, though quite possibly Mr. Truman does not appreciate the fact, is that one of the main purposes of the embrace was to throttle the junior Senator from Wisconsin. McCarthy, of course, knew perfectly well what Brownell was trying to do. That is why his answer attacked not only Truman and the Democrats but also the Eisenhower Administration itself.

It appears that the more McCarthyite the Administration becomes, the more bitter is its quarrel with McCarthy himself. What is the explanation of this seeming paradox? Would it not be more natural to expect that the common adoption of McCarthy's methods would provide the basis for a rapprochement between the Administration and McCarthy? The trouble with the rapprochement theory is that it implicitly assumes that what McCarthy is interested in is "getting" Communists and that he should therefore be satisfied when the Administration shows as much concern with the problem as he does. Nothing could be further from the truth. McCarthy knows perfectly well that there are only a handful of Communists in the U.S. and knows that they have no power whatever to influence the course of events. From his point of view it would be better if the Communist movement amounted to something here: it would make a more impressive bogy. For the fact is that for McCarthy the Communist hunt is a pure political device designed to enhance his own power. Moreover, there are no limits to his ambition, any more than there were to Hitler's: he aims to *become* the Administration and to retire Eisenhower, Brownell and Dulles to private life.

What we have here, then, is a "struggle for power" of the kind so dear to the political scientist's heart. But as in all such instances, this is only the superficial aspect of the matter. Behind the struggle for power between the Administration and McCarthy there are deep-rooted economic and social forces. What are these forces? What shape and direction are they likely to give to the struggle in the period ahead?

There is no doubt about the socio-economic base of the Eisenhower Administration. It can be described in two ways which are related to each other as the two sides of a coin. On the one hand, there are many of the biggest and most powerful corporations: Standard Oil, Chase National Bank, General Motors, M. A. Hanna Co., First National Bank of Boston, and so on. On the other hand, there is what might be called the aristocracy of wealth, the well-entrenched families which stand at the top of the social hierarchy both nationally and locally and which have traditionally dominated the Republican Party. Here one might mention such names as Rockefeller, Aldrich, DuPont, Weeks, Lodge; but it is important to remember that every community has its local counterparts, and that it is from their ranks that the leading Republican cadres at the State level are recruited.

That the Eisenhower Administration is based upon and represents the blue-chip corporations and the aristocracy can be deduced from various types of evidence. The really difficult problem concerns McCarthy's socio-economic base. How is it possible for an upstart like McCarthy, a

small-time politician who reached the Senate as just one among many hacks sent there by State Republican machines, to constitute a serious challenge to the entrenched wealth and power of America's aristocracy? And, perhaps even more puzzling, how does it happen that the impeccably conservative Eisenhower Administration is challenged, not, as might be expected, from the Left, but from the Right?

Up to 1950, when he began to get national publicity through skilful manipulation of the Communists-in-government issue, McCarthy's base was in no way remarkable for a Senator. He had the usual backing of wealthy capitalists in his own State, and he did a good business with the well-heeled lobbyists who swarm over Capitol Hill. The well-known Senate sub-committee report inquiring into McCarthy's financial affairs contains ample evidence of his financial dependence on housing, sugar, and China lobbyists during his first four years in Washington. McCarthy doubtless retains these (or similar) sources of support, but so do a great many Congressmen. There is nothing here that would account for his national power.

The essential prerequisite for the emergence of this national power was undoubtedly McCarthy's attraction of a numerous and often fanatically loyal following when he began to exploit the "Red Menace." He discovered how to employ certain genuinely national anxieties and neuroses for political ends. And the substantial nature of the achievement was conclusively demonstrated by the 1952 elections. It was only after this that the McCarthy movement took on its present formidable shape and strength. Having first acquired the flesh of a popular following, McCarthy soon attracted the bones and muscle of capitalist backing, no longer on a merely local basis but on a genuinely nationwide scale. Without this backing, the movement would have continued, of course, but it would have remained something of a political curiosity.

The New Wealth

Where, then, does McCarthy's formidable capitalist support come from? We can answer this question only if we take account of an extremely important, though little noticed and even less studied, development in recent American history. During World War II and the subsequent years of cold war and inflation, the American bourgeoisie has experienced a vast influx of *nouveaux riches* and *parvenus*. The last thirteen years have been unprecedently profitable for American capitalism as a whole, but it seems not to have been widely remarked that a substantial part of the total "take" has been, as Veblen might have expressed it, waylaid, ambushed, or otherwise diverted into the pockets of ambitious men with few inherited advantages, even fewer scruples, and a resolute eye on the main chance. Texas oil millionaires of recent vintage—the product of the last decade's enormous expansion in the demand for petroleum products plus a Federal tax policy of unbelievable generosity to oilmen—have become almost legendary figures. Yet they are merely the leading species of the genus *nouveau riche Americanus*. Others will be found everywhere, in a great variety of occupations or rackets, and of all degrees of affluence. Most of the *nouveaux riches*, of course, are less spectacular. But the rise of a new bourgeoisie in the South, which was largely responsible for the strong showing made by the Republicans in that region in 1952, was rather extensively commented upon during the election campaign. In fact, the phenomenon of new wealth is nation-wide in scope and impressive in proportions.

The important thing from our present point of view is that this new wealth provides a "natural" base for a Fascist movement such as has not existed in the United States before—at least not since Fascist movements have become fashionable in the "free world." The characteristic qualities and attitudes of the *nouveau riche* dispose him toward Fascism in the present-day capitalist environment. He tends to be aggressive, unscrupulous, vain; he develops feelings of jealousy and even hatred for the arjstocracy which refuses to accept him as an equal. Self-important and yet frustrated, craving power and prestige commensurate with his wealth, the *nouveau riche* finds a natural outlet in political support of a movement which is simultaneously reactionary, brutal, vulgar—and shows signs of succeeding. McCarthyism has always been reactionary, brutal, and vulgar; and since the 1952 elections it has shown definite signs of succeeding. Small wonder, then, that it has attracted enthusiastic backing from the *nouveau riche* element.

It is this that makes the movement vastly more solid and powerful (both actually and potentially) than earlier Fascist movements under the leadership of such figures as Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith, and so on. Unlike them, McCarthy has virtually unlimited financial support to draw upon, and his publicity and propaganda channels are assured. These are the indispensable weapons of large-scale political warfare: for the first time in the United States a Fascist movement is well provided with them.

We do not mean to suggest, of course, that a popular following and *nouveau riche* support are the only sources of McCarthy's political strength. He has at least two other sources of power.

First, the extreme Right wing of the aristocracy which was largely behind Taft during his lifetime seems to be rallying to McCarthy's banner. Colonel McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* is a good example; William Randolph Hearst, Jr., is another. Second, there is the Catholic Church. That a part of the Catholic clergy is behind McCarthy is beyond doubt, but how large a part and how influential within the hierarchy as a whole we have no way of estimating. However, it seems likely that the extreme anti-Communism of the Church plus the fact that McCarthy himself is a Catholic may give rise to exaggerated ideas about the extent to which the hierarchy supports him. Traditionally, as is well known, the Church has exercised its great political influence mainly through the Democratic Party, and especially through the big city machines. Moreover, in recent years the Church has put a lot of effort into building up strength in the trade unions. Any wholesale switch to McCarthy would jeopardise these strategic positions; after all, neither the city machines nor the trade unions can be expected to go for McCarthy's brand of economic and social reaction no matter how heavily disguised as anti-Communism. This does not mean, however, that McCarthy is not getting important, and probably increasing support from within the Church.

If we are right in our analysis of the socio-economic bases of the Administration and McCarthy respectively, there need be no mystery about the nature of the conflict between them. *Parvenu* capitalists are fighting for a larger share of the opportunities, prestige, and emoluments that naturally accrue to the ruling class of the world's richest country; McCarthy is their chosen political instrument. On the other side is entrenched wealth, represented of course by both political parties but at the moment exercising power through the Republican Party, the more openly and graspingly exploitative of the two. For the present, therefore, the conflict takes the form of a struggle within the Republican Party, with McCarthy seeking to extend his influence and doubtless hoping to gain complete control by 1956. Should he succeed, the conflict would then take the form of an interparty battle, with entrenched wealth falling back on its second line of defence, the Democratic Party.

If McCarthy should be defeated in his campaign to take over the Republican Party, a new situation would arise in which he and his backers would have to decide whether to try what none have succeeded in doing for a full century, that is, go after power through a new party. It is too soon to speculate on this possibility, and the way things look now it may never be necessary: McCarthy seems all too likely to capture the Republican Party without ever meeting any real resistance. It is simply absurd for Brownell or anyone else to try to out-redbait McCarthy: it can't be done, and every effort to do it merely adds to McCarthy's prestige and political stature. And it is nothing short of disastrous for anyone who has been around Washington as long as Eisenhower has to make use, or sanction the use, of the charge that Truman, or anyone else for that matter, shielded Communists or otherwise promoted the interests of Communism. For the truth is that not only Eisenhower but practically every Republican who wanted to see the Nazis and Japanese defeated in World War II is open to the same charge. Eisenhower, with a "pro-Soviet" war record, is particularly vulnerable. And wasn't he Chief of Staff when Truman and the rest of the Administration were promoting Russian spies? McCarthy, that expert marksman, must be itching to train his sights on this juiciest of targets. If anyone imagines that when the time comes McCarthy will hesitate because of Eisenhower's "untouchability," let him reflect on the virulent smear campaign which McCarthy and Jenner have long been conducting against General Marshall, that other popular "idol."

The Administration Loses Ground

The Administration is rapidly losing popularity. This year's elections prove that. And if things go on as at present, the Democrats will take control of both houses of Congress next year. But actually the outlook for the Republicans is much worse than this would suggest: the economic downswing which has only just begun gives every sign of getting steadily worse between now and next November. Moreover, Dulles' "liberationist" foreign policy is running into increasing difficulties again. Faced with this prospect at home and abroad, the Administration has absolutely nothing to offer—no plans, no ideas, no hope. It can only enter into sordid competition with McCarthy, hoping to hide its bankruptcy (and its past misdeeds) behind a Red smokescreen. But this merely adds to McCarthy's importance and presents him with the weapons which he can turn on the Administration as soon as he feels the time to be ripe.

It begins to look more and more as though the real political adversaries in the period ahead will be McCarthyism on the one side and the Democrats on the other. And in a sense the White case can be said to represent the first battle in what may be a long war. For in so far as he was attacking the Democrats, Brownell, whatever his intentions, was in effect acting as McCarthy's representative and agent. What is to be said of the Democrats' defence and counter attack? So far as Truman is concerned, the answer would seem to be, "Better than expected." But Stevenson and the Democratic National Committee and the Democrats in Congress have made a miserable showing. On the whole, the record to date does not suggest that the Democratic Party is

likely to put up a very effective fight against McCarthyism.

Truman's denunciation of McCarthyism and his call for struggle against it were excellent and should be repeated and re-emphasised at every opportunity. Here are key passages of his November 16 speech:

> . . . the thing I wish most to get over to you tonight is that this incident is only the most publicised and the most recent example of the decay of the basic principles of freedom now taking place in this country. It is the corruption of truth, the abandonment of our historical devotion to fair play. It is the abandonment of "due process of law." It is the use of the big lie and the unfounded accusation against any citizen in the name of Americanism or security. It is the rise to power of the demagogue who lives on untruth; it is the spread of fear and the destruction of faith in every level of our society.
>
> This is not a partisan matter. This horrible cancer is eating at the vitals of America and it can destroy the great edifice of freedom.

Among the tens of millions of Truman's listeners, there must have been literally millions who, normally condemned to be a virtual captive audience of a McCarthyite press and McCarthyite radio-TV commentators, were hearing the truth about McCarthyism for the first time. Truman's courageous lead may yet prove to have been a real blow at McCarthyism.

The Democrats' Weakness

The weakness of the Democrats' fight against McCarthy is all too obvious. Their leaders and spokesmen have spent so much time and energy in building up the Communist bogy that they are now thoroughly frightened of it. Instead of treating Communism in an adult way, as an historical force that has come to stay and that must be understood and lived with, they go about spreading stories about a "satanic world-wide conspiracy," and "the total evil that besieges the world." To the extent that people really believe these stories, they are all too likely to conclude that McCarthy is their salvation and the Democrats had better stop getting in his way.

But it would be wrong, of course, to conclude that McCarthy will wipe the floor with the Democrats. A lot of people don't believe in the hobgoblin theory of Communism, and other issues either already are or soon will be competing with the "Red Menace" for the spotlight of political attention. Farm incomes are in the "already" category, and unemployment is in the "coming soon" category. The Democrats under their present leadership may not have much to offer on either of these issues, but at least they can point to Republican failures and they can evoke memories of their own better days. When it comes to voting, it is by no means sure that the American people are yet ready to buy fake insurance against Communism in preference to insurance against economic ruin.

The situation would be altered and the outlook would be darker if McCarthy, in addition to monopolising the Communist bogy, had a demagogic social programme such as the Nazis had before they came to power in 1933. But he does not have anything of the kind to offer. In this connection it seems to us that McCarthy's reaction to the Republicans' recent electoral setbacks was highly significant, especially since one of them occurred in his own State, and was directly attributable to discontent among farmers. If McCarthy ever had any idea of making political capital out of this discontent, this was surely the time to begin: by announcing a generous farm programme, he could have washed his hands of the wretched record of the Eisenhower Administration and staked out a claim to be the farmers' champion. But he maintained strict silence on all issues affecting the farmers' welfare and attributed the Republican defeats to inadequate exploitation of the "Red Menace."

The reason for this inflexibility is not only or primarily that McCarthy has a one-track mind. More fundamentally, the reason is that the social elements McCarthy represents—the *parvenu* millionaires, the extreme Right wing of the aristocracy, the fanatical anti-Communists in the Catholic hierarchy—are blindly reactionary on all matters of social policy. They are dead set against any kind of social programme for the underprivileged; they believe in the traditional American individualist doctrine of everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost; it would never occur to them to think in terms of demagogic promises to farmers and workers; and they would refuse to support anyone who played around with such loathsome and dangerous dynamite. And all this suits McCarthy fine. His speculative activities, his obvious yen for money and flashy society, show that McCarthy has the soul of a *parvenu* capitalist himself. No more than his backers does he want to get mixed up with the needs and sufferings of working people. Besides, he does not think it necessary; he is arrogantly confident that the "Red Menace" is the Open Sesame to unlimited political power.

There are a lot of people, by no means all of them sympathetic to McCarthy, who think he is right. We should look for a steady growth in his following, his financial backing, and his political power in the period immediately ahead. But there may be second thoughts as farm surpluses mount, farm incomes fall, and unemployment edges up. McCarthy's mass following may be less willing to follow then. And the great majority of the American ruling class, which doubtless feels tempted from time to time to seek salvation through Fascism, may decide that after all its best interests are served by Democratic-style fair deals and cold wars.

London Diary

Lloyd George once told me that no lawyer who had made a success at the Bar ever made a good politician if he switched in middle age; the habit of speaking to a brief is too deeply implanted. This was a more profound comment on Lord Simon than L.G.'s often quoted jibe about sitting on the fence until the iron had entered into his soul. A trace of Simon's nonconformist radicalism remained in 1914 when he nearly, but not quite, resigned from the Cabinet with Morley and Burns. It came out strong in 1916 when he did resign over conscription. There were still traces of it left when I first heard him make a great speech in Cambridge denouncing black-and-tannery after the war. But there seemed nothing left except the political lawyer in 1926, when he grossly strained the law, as it seemed to me, in his speeches on the General Strike. (They were, of course, politically very successful since they called the bluff of Labour leaders who should have stuck it out and risked going to prison if they believed in their own cause.) As a Foreign Minister, Simon was a disaster. The charge against him during the Manchurian affair was not that he rejected sanctions against Japan, but that he fell over backwards in speaking to Tokyo's brief. Similarly, in the deathly years of struggle before the war, when he was one of the four men ruling England, I do not recall from Simon any word that suggested understanding or sympathy with Hitler's victims. He may have felt it but, great lawyer as he was, he could speak only to the head and not to the heart of the common jury. In his later days I became sorry for him, for he was conscious that in the law, politics and diplomacy he had triumphed over much, but not over his constitutional coldness. He desired warm companionship, and there was pathos in the remark that no man had ever taken the arm of so many other men and then called them by the wrong Christian names.

* * *

Chester Wilmot, who was one of the thirty-five killed in this ghastly Comet smash, was an able historian and a very attractive man. He had the character and the patience to settle down after the war and write a big book instead of merely taking up a Fleet Street career. He was amply rewarded by the success of his book and immediate national recognition. No one disputed the brilliance of his war narrative, but controversy arose over what seemed to many people, especially in the United States, excessive praise of Churchill at the expense of Roosevelt. The most impressive article I recall by him was the defence which was published in this journal against the attack of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Wilmot was returning from doing a big job in the Far East; the B.B.C. had launched out into an unusual enterprise in sending him, with elaborate photographic equipment, to the Far East. With tragic irony I hear that the photographs and cameras are intact.

* * *

The American public was naturally pleased when one of the 23 G.I. "peace-fighters" decided, after all, to choose repatriation. Newspapers splashed pictures of him and his pretty Japanese wife, whose letters, movingly pleading for him to come back, had been published almost as soon as she wrote. *Time* magazine now proudly informs us how these "tender letters" found their way into print so quickly. They were, runs the nauseating announcement, "supposedly from his Japanese wife (but the majority were actually composed by Associated Press staffers in Tokyo)."

* * *

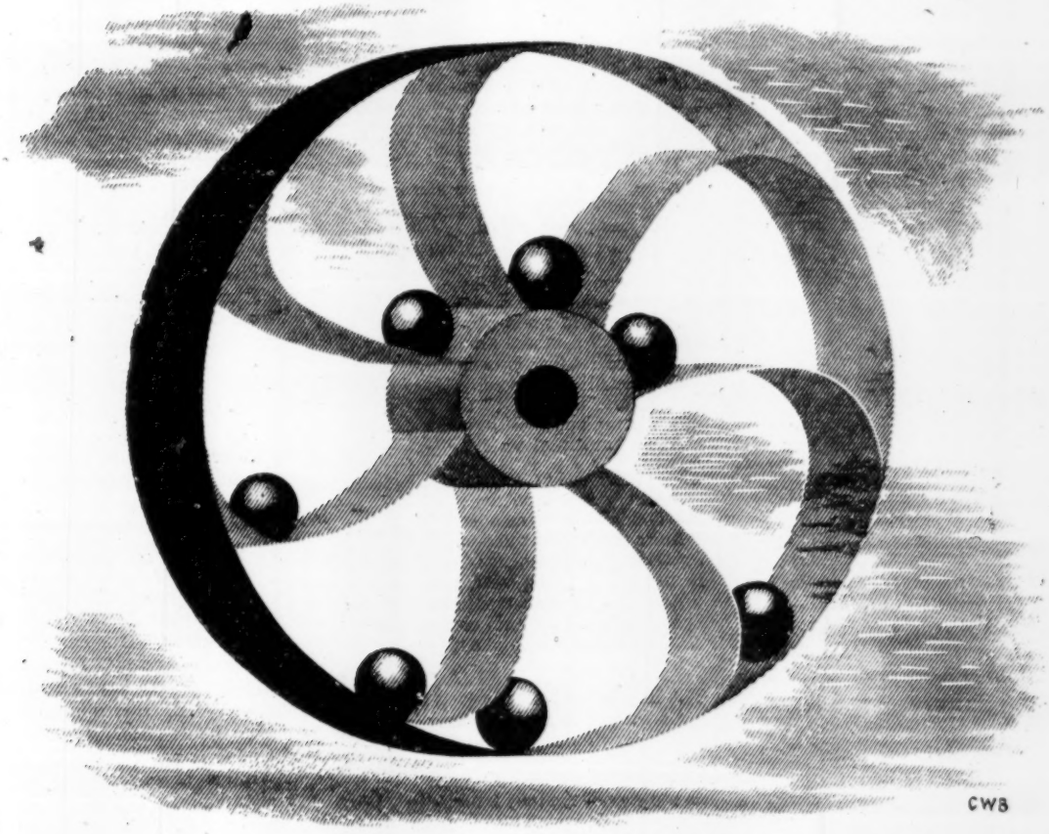
I hope the Kremlin have noticed the political moral of the Hastings Tournament. Britain's immense underlying fund of goodwill towards the Soviet Union is still unexhausted, and ready to pour out if Moscow gives it even half a chance. Alexander, clearly the greatest part-time chess player in the world, would have been equally modest and charming whether he won or lost. But one could not have been sure that Soviet prowess and sportsmanship would win splash headlines on the front page of popular papers. Still less could one have been sure that critics, who usually love throwing poisoned darts at Russia, would have written columns of warm welcome and unbarbed appreciation of the Soviet champions. If the Russians want personal friendship and popularity in this country it is theirs.

* * *

The Listener, which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this week, is such an established character that it is odd to remember the efforts made to strangle it at birth. Both the Newspaper and the Periodical Proprietors, suddenly taking alarm at this incursion of the B.B.C. into publishing, lodged a strong protest against the proposal to make a weekly out of the broadcast talks. The Corporation's answer lay in the public demand for the text of talks—which other papers could have published but didn't—worth a more permanent record than the air. And now *The Listener's* jubilee number rams the point home with a glittering selection from the talks it has published over the years. Here is H. G. Wells, in the days of the Kellogg Pact, on World Peace

Perpetual . . . service

In his attempt to attain the unattainable — perpetual motion — man found his way to the fundamental principle of the conservation of energy. In modern diesel engines and electrical plant the 'unattainable' has come very close to achievement. And today the engines and the plant are being applied to the services for mankind to which the search for perpetual motion was dedicated — the raising of water, the fertilising of deserts, the moving of ships across water, the grinding of corn. THE BRUSH GROUP is the world's largest exporter of industrial diesel engines. Many of them go to parts of the world where civilisation is little more than a clearing in the jungle. Here, diesel engines and electrical plant mean more than just a new source of power, they signify hope and the chance of a life free from drudgery. Every year BRUSH GROUP equipment goes from Britain to help make the earth more fruitful, to bring light and power to undeveloped areas, to modernise locomotion. Every day, every hour, BRUSH GROUP plant is at work somewhere across the world, improving living conditions, giving perpetual service to mankind.



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G715

(1929); Shaw on the 500th Anniversary of the Burning of St. Joan (1931); Baldwin on the National Character (1933); Churchill, in September, 1940, on the German Invasion Fleet; here are gay talks by Max Beerbohm and A. G. Macdonell, and James Stephens's Conversations with George Moore. These all came to *The Listener* from the air; but the paper—and this was the serious basis of controversy—also commissions some writing directly, and this side is represented in a story by Elizabeth Bowen and two pages of poems—by Auden, Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, Lilian Bowes-Lyon—which appeared for the first time in its pages. Speaking as a forty-year-old, let the *N.S. & N.* cheer *The Listener* on for its next 25-year stretch!

* * *

No doubt the collapse of the existing London car-parking system is near.. But, whatever plan succeeds it, I hope we shall have seen the last of the unpaid, but official, car park attendant, sent out with a police badge and a book of Ministry of Transport parking tickets—to get a living on tips. One effect of this pernicious system has always been that a parking ticket on the windscreen, limiting you firmly to the strict two hours allowed by the Regulations, has become the badge of parsimony. Tip the attendant and you probably won't get a ticket. Fail to tip him, and your car acquires a little label which in two hours' time may be noticed by a constable. In angry moments I've called it blackmail; but what can you expect if you deliberately make a man's livelihood depend on such a wretched system? An extension of it that I shouldn't have expected to see is the thoroughness with which some of the attendants chalk "No Parking" in all the odd corners not under their control, in order to head off any artful stragglers. The police have always frowned on unofficial "No Parking" signs, and I should have expected them to frown the more heavily on these chalked appendages to a little racket that is so widespread and so unnecessary.

* * *

Education is so passionately sought, and so swiftly acquired in West Africa today, that no one should be surprised if the written word sometimes shows signs of incomplete mastery. Lorries, performing the task of buses, carry identifying slogans rather than announcements of their destination. One sees impeccable maxims such as "No sweat, no sweet," and concise warnings like "God preserve us," and strange, unexpected comments like "A beautiful woman will not stay with one man," below which appears "Regular Service." Adjectives are sometimes bold rather than accurate: thus, in East Nigeria, I saw advertisements of somebody's "Classical Buttered Bread." Business letters sometimes reveal much enterprising use of the dictionary. I take this quotation from a firm in Accra:—

> Protuberant attention of yours is therefore drawn or to-day craved to the effect that we become your staunch Contractors of Suppliers of Boards, slipboards, woods or logs, etc., with quotations delivery before cash paid, basing solidly and immediately upon the fact that all efforts will be engineered by us to fulfil our contracts with you with no delay whatsoever.
>
> Under the circumstance, having guaranteed the purity of business acumen and general stability to expeditiously carry out all stipulations conscientiously, we should esteem it a great favour, if you would recommend us to any of your affiliated Company, or Companies as well.

On the whole, the English spoken and written in the Gold Coast is of a remarkably high standard. Such eccentricities mark a passing phase, which are as amusing to Africans as they are to Europeans.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

But, writing as a clergyman, I have sometimes wondered whether, had the list of "Honours due" been prepared by God, the names would have been the same. They might, of course, but then again they might not.—Letter in *Scotsman*. (Rev. J. Welsh.)

I have always believed that love is the most beautiful thing in the world and has nothing to do with sex.—Letter in *Woman's Own*. (B. D. Wiseman.)

Backers who end up broke and stranded after the York races will no longer be allowed to stay the night at the corporation workhouse, it has been decided.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (James Ewart.)

No one who has been personally introduced to a rat will regard it as a loathsome pest.—Report in *The Times*. (L. Parris.)

A 19-year-old Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry bugler, acquitted on Saturday of assaulting a man of 46 with intent to rob, was described by his battalion commander as "exactly the type we are looking for in the Regular Army today."—*News Chronicle*. (D. Emrys Rees.)

THE FACTS OF LIFE

Though children at a tender age
  Receive sex-education,
They are not told at any stage
  Of sexual aberration.
Although informed how babies come,
Gaps in the school curriculum
  The junior forms perplex;
For, sound on birds and butterflies,
Their syllabus does not comprise
  The seamy side of sex.
Though sex goes with arithmetic,

  Calligraphy, orthography,
State educationalists stick
  At courses in pornography;
Behaviour of a bestial kind
To outside reading is confined,
  Less detailed and precise;
Despite the freedom of the press,
Much is the pupil left to guess
  About unnatural vice.

The scholar early understands
  Adultery and seduction,
But abnormality demands
  More definite instruction.
A certain serious offence
Is named in Court with reticence,
  And by their teachers' fault,
School-children have no clue or guide
To what exactly is implied
  By criminal assault.

The little girl who is not taught
  Or warned of special danger
Will take, without a second thought,
  Sweets from a sex-mad stranger,
And if the guardians of youth
Evade or veil the ugly truth,
  Can babes their fate escape?
Facts should be fully, frankly, told
When some enquiring five-year-old
  Asks: "Please, Miss, what is rape?"

No more, unconscious of their doom
  Must little victims play,
But, in and out of school, presume
  Sex-maniacs stalk their prey.
While foul, obscene, degenerate crime,
So symptomatic of our time,
  Throughout the realm is rife,
Teachers and elders must discern
It never is too soon to learn
  The nastier facts of life.

SAGITTARIUS

Short and Sharp

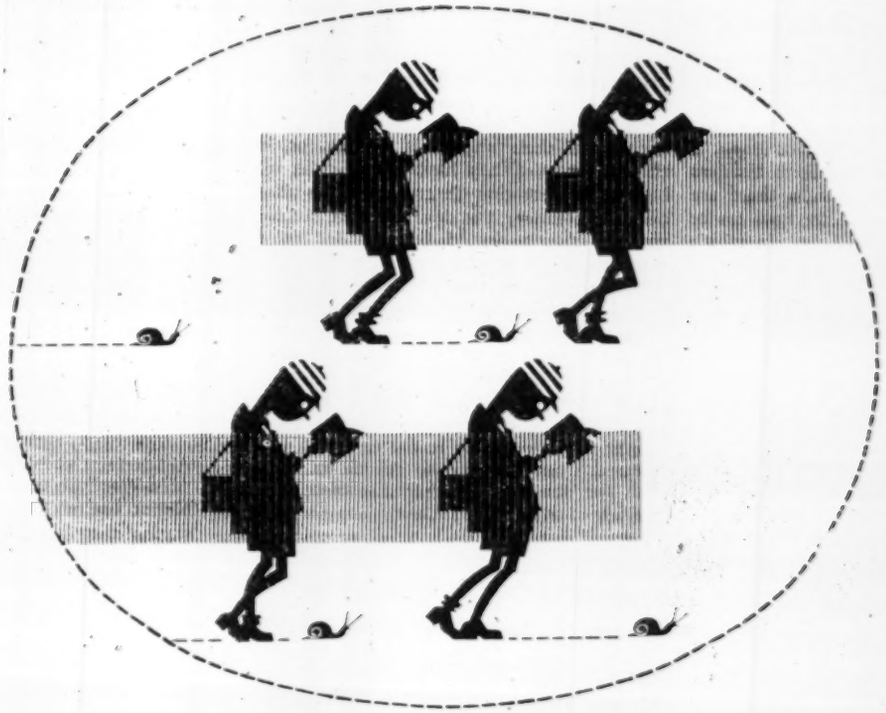
SET back from a lane at the edge of Kidlington airfield, Campsfield House looks like a badly designed sergeants' mess. A solid, two-storied block of official red brick, it was built just before the war as a casual ward for Oxford, taken over by the R.A.F., and then, two years ago, chosen to house the first of the Detention Centres for young delinquents. A high fence surrounds the house, its outbuildings, a sewage farm, and the grounds, which teams of boys are still converting from rough pasture; the fence is not so high that escape is impossible—strict supervision, in any case, makes this difficult—but it serves as a symbol. Here, in the custody of the Prison Commissioners, are about sixty boys between fourteen and twenty one, who have been selected for the "short, sharp shock" which is intended to divert them from a criminal or anti-social career.

This penal experiment is in its early days, and at least two or three years must pass before any definite conclusions can be reached about its "graduates." It has been running long enough, however, to raise a number of questions about its assumptions and its methods, questions that are urgent as a second Centre is soon to be opened at Goudhurst, and plans are already made for others in various parts of the country. Long before we know whether this new method works, hundreds of boys will have been sent to these Centres by magistrates who believe that such a sentence is more likely to prove effective than commitment to an approved school or a Borstal.

Every juvenile court has its awkward customers. Some may not respond to prolonged training of the Borstal type; some may neither stay nor behave in an approved school; and some may have committed offences—sexual or violent crimes—too serious to justify the mild sanction of probation. It was to deal with such difficult cases that the Criminal Justice Act of 1948 provided, as an alternative to prison, for sentences of from one to six months in a Detention Centre, under the sternest discipline and the most rigorous conditions. The hope is that such boys will be "brought to their senses" before they become hardened criminals. No boy over 17, who has already been convicted and sent to a Borstal or a Centre is to be sent to a Centre for a second offence; the "short, sharp shock" is not expected to work in such cases.

Mr. Elvey, the Warden of Campsfield House, has great faith in the new system. "Its impact," he told me, "is similar to corporal punishment. A magistrate sends a boy here like a fond father. applies the right pressure, at the right time, at the right place. Our emphasis is decidedly on the punitive aspect." From six in the morning until bedtime, the boys are kept busy, periods of intensive P.T. interrupting the cycle of heavy digging, house-cleaning and laundry work. The discipline is never relaxed; on the appearance of visitors or officers, the boys spring rigidly to attention. It is like the first weeks in a Guards' training unit. Offenders against the rules are punished by extra fatigues, by "non-association" and by having to carry out their duties at the double. They may also forfeit remission.

Inside, Campsfield House is certainly more hygienic and, in certain ways, is possibly more pleasant than the homes from which many of the boys have come. They are well and neatly dressed; the rooms are spotlessly clean, well-lit and warm. The food, though stodgy, and certainly deficient in fruit and milk—both important for growing boys on an active regime—may be no worse than their normal diet: the sentences, in any case, are usually too short for the prison



Slow Motion

"CREEP" IS NOT A WORD normally associated with jet propulsion. Yet metallic creep—the slow stretching of a metal under stress at high temperature—is a major problem in jet engine design, and it enters increasingly into many branches of engineering. Creep can increase the diameter of hot steam pipes under the constant pressure from inside. The fast-spinning rotor of an electricity generator may, if it becomes hot enough, distort under the creep caused by centrifugal force. Unless this has been taken into account in designing the generator, its rotor may ultimately foul the generator's shell. Even at ordinary temperatures, lead creeps at quite low stresses and unless appropriate steps are taken, lead sheeting can flow slowly down a roof.

To provide much-needed information on creep, I.C.I. have built a special testing station at Witton, near Birmingham. At this I.C.I. station, the latest techniques are being used to record the changes in metals under stress at various temperatures and over very long periods. The tests are carried out on sixty machines. Metal test-pieces clamped between steel jaws are loaded by a force of up to 5 tons to the square inch, while the test temperature, which may be as high as 1000 C, can be maintained for years on end. Special instruments can detect length increases as small as one fifty-thousandth of an inch in the test-pieces. Air conditioning keeps the windowless building at a steady 67 F. night and day. Humidity is controlled. To minimise vibration, the testing machines are mounted in concrete rafts independent of the building foundations. Tests carried out in this I.C.I. research station are providing invaluable information on metallic creep, needed by the designers and engineers who are building I.C.I.'s great new plants and factories, and by the users of the wrought non-ferrous metals marketed by I.C.I.

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ICI

diet to do much harm or much good. The boys are allowed a twenty-minute "quiet time" to read or to write letters before the six p.m. news, to which they are required to listen attentively and on which they may be asked "civics" questions. In the lockers beside the beds, together with the Bible and the Prayer Book, I saw their library books—most of them thrillers or detective stories. At week-ends, there are vigorous organised games. And, for boys under fifteen, there is a normal school day, in which they are excused other duties to attend lessons taken by a teacher seconded from the Oxfordshire staff.

Since the boys stay, on average, about three months, and their sentences overlap, it is impossible to start them on proper training courses, such as those provided at a Borstal. For those over school age, however, there are evening classes on three nights—two academic and one practical—and special help has been arranged for boys who have been sentenced in the midst of an apprenticeship or a similar specialised training. Within the limits imposed by the "punitive" timetable, the Warden seems to be doing what he can to provide for the very varied "educational" demands of the boys in his charge.

Mr. Elvey, indeed, takes his responsibilities seriously; he seems to treat the boys with exacting fairness. Nothing is worse in any institution than apparent unfairness or irrationality on the part of its officials; nothing creates more resentment. Mr. Elvey makes it quite clear to the newcomer that his stay will not be pleasant, explains the rules of Campsfield House, and tells the boy what is expected of him. If the boy conforms to that pattern, he gets a square deal.

The question that one asks, however, is whether the pattern is the right one. Campsfield House is avowedly based on the theory that fear is therapeutic. "The cosh-boy," the Warden said in a recent broadcast, "is fundamentally yellow"; the purpose of the Detention Centre is to make him "fold-up." Its discipline, he told me, "removes the frills and makes the mind more receptive." The boy is then exhorted to accept the social values of a Victorian Sunday-school run by retired sergeant-majors. God, Queen and Country are the symbols of the Clean and Decent Life; Mr. Elvey, who talks in capitalised and cliché-ridden phrases, genuinely believes that such exhortations, coupled with iron discipline, helps the boys to Go Straight. He is understandably gratified when his press makes a perfect imprint.

But it is by no means certain that the remedy for "toughness" is more "toughness," especially where adolescents are concerned. The juvenile offender is often deeply insecure: is fear the right means of inducing security? He finds in his gang the esteem which, for a variety of reasons, he is unable to find elsewhere. Does three months of unpleasantness make him feel that he is wanted by someone other than the police? And have those who think Detention Centres an admirable punishment for boys given to violence considered how often such violence comes from boys who are completely or virtually fatherless, have been mothered too much, and are in adolescence asserting their masculinity? Before we build too many Detention Centres we should be a little more sure of the answers to such questions.

Secondly, the wording of the 1948 Act, and the failure so far to carry out certain provisions that were intended to be complementary to the Detention Centres, have caused a good deal of confusion. Campsfield House seems to be getting an odd mixture of boys, some of whom have been sent there because they seem liable to be "cured" by the "sharp shock," while others are there because the magistrates have heard that it is a most unpleasant place to send "the young thug." Is the classification based on the right system—or is it based on any coherent system at all? At present, boys are selected for this treatment because they have a bad record, or because their offence is serious, or, oddly enough, because they have not been in trouble before. If Detention Centres are to be set up all over the country, it is desirable that much more specific criteria should be provided to guide magistrates. I would, indeed, go further and suggest that no boy should be sent to a Detention Centre until he has spent a minimum period under observation while remanded in custody, and that even then commitment should only come after a psychiatric interview.

Finally, there is no provision at all for after-care. Yet the need for care by the Probation Officer may be greater in the case of a boy just released from the intense regime of a Centre than for one who has had the more leisurely training of an approved school. Some magistrates recognise this already, where two or more charges are brought, by sentencing the boy on one and placing him on probation for the other. If Detention Centres are to become the rule, the Act must be amended to provide for probation on release for a period at least as long as the sentence. Without some such changes as these, we shall find that the Centres become little more than juvenile "glasshouses," using coercion to turn problem cases into stereotypes. And that, I am sure, is something that neither the Prison Commissioners nor the public want.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Foodgrains or Bombs?

THE prospect of U.S. military aid to Pakistan, to help combat the "Communist menace," has raised an issue of fundamental principle which may divide rather than unify the free nations. Washington's action is a direct challenge to Nehru's "dynamic neutrality"; it is an invasion, with military materials and concepts, of the "area of peace" which he and other Asian statesmen have been attempting to establish. Its anxiety to protect the Middle East oilfields, by creating a strategic crescent stretching from Turkey to Pakistan, seems to have blinded the U.S. Administration to the foolishness of alienating the country that Bertrand Russell has described as 'an oasis of sanity in a world gone mad."

Why should U.S. military help to Pakistan upset India and evoke official criticism in Burma, Ceylon, Irak, Indonesia and Egypt? In the first place it strikes directly at the idea of a "third area" outside the Cold War. Though there are to be no actual bases and no formal military alliance, Nehru argues that the agreement in fact will turn the whole of Pakistan into an American base, which, in the event of war, could rapidly be taken over. The scale of Pakistan rearmament may be exaggerated, but the Indians believe that such reliance on the United States aligns Pakistan irrevocably with one side in the Cold War and would inevitably involve her in any large-scale conflict.

The second objection is that by falling back on the help of a big military Power, Pakistan is deserting the "anti-colonial" struggle of the Asian nations, which have had bitter experiences of the arming and use of their own nationals by imperialists. Thirdly, Nehru believes—unlike the Pakistan Premier—that this kind of "aid" from the U.S. weakens Pakistan and would, if accepted, weaken India. Though India has received $165 millions within two years and has just signed an agreement for 200,000 tons of steel and for funds to rehabilitate India's railways, the Indian Premier draws a sharp distinction between economic and military aid. He is convinced that, in the battle for the lives of Asia's millions, foodgrains and tractors are more likely to be effective than guns and bombs.

It is unfortunate that this new cause of friction has arisen, seemingly on Pakistan's initiative, at the moment when relations between India and Pakistan were improving, and thus raising hopes that each country would be able to cut down its military expenditure. Has Mohammed Ali succumbed to the temptation to grasp a stick for use when the next Kashmir crisis arises? Certainly much of India's alarm arises from a fear that this is the case—a fear intensified by Mohammed Ali's refusal of Nehru's invitation to sign a joint "No War" declaration. It is not surprising that Nehru has responded to the proposed pact by stating that, if signed, it changes the context of the preliminary agreement on Kashmir.

Washington may find it incomprehensible that India so distrusts its weaker neighbour, Pakistan, while showing no similar fear of Russia and China, despite Chinese control of Tibet and the activities of Indian Communists. Part of the answer is that India has recent and sad experience of hostilities with Pakistan and a long tradition of friendly relations with China. No difficulties with China are foreseen: Nehru is convinced that friendship offers a stronger bastion against Communism than fortified bases, and he does not share the alarm of many Americans.

Internally, the prospect of the U.S.-Pakistan pact has led to pressure on the Indian Government to rearm. On this issue all parties and all parts of the country seem to be united. At a recent demonstration at Amritsar, which called for "effective steps," the flag of Congress, the Communists, the Socialists, and extreme Hindu and Sikh groups, were mingled to "express unity on this grave issue"; Left and Right extremists are both demanding that India should seek help from Russia and China. Yet Nehru, Krishna Menon and others have appealed for calm and the avoidance of hysteria. Despite the clamour to match gun for gun, Nehru has emphatically declared that India will not enter into an arms race. While she will be vigilant, India will not succumb to the folly of checking her economic development by increased arms spending.

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The new U.S. Administration is running the risk of undoing all the constructive work accomplished by Chester Bowles, the previous Ambassador, who did much to restore confidence and goodwill between India and the U.S. Adlai Stevenson discovered that millions in Asia suspect America to be as capable of aggression as the Communist Powers; and though Vice-President Nixon left India convinced that the country is not leaning towards Communism, it is true that Indian suspicions of American motives are now growing, while criticism of China, the Asian neighbour, is moderating. So far, Britain has played little part in the controversy. Should American aid, however, take the form of British arms, designed to dovetail into present Pakistan equipment, and should Britain quietly pocket the dollar payment, there would be an extremely damaging outburst of indignation which could disrupt the present cordial relations between India and Britain.

New Delhi. NORMAN CLIFF.

Sleepers

WE always seemed to be travelling in groups, those days—escorted but unherded, as the advertisements say. We travelled from Lake Success to the Pacific on a mission, or to West Africa, or just across the Atlantic to such old favourites as Rome and Geneva and Paris. We were not really escorted; not by a chaperone or a guide, that is, but escorted in spirit by the long arm of bureaucracy stretching from the U.N. Travel Section in New York all the way to the various sub-sections from London to Bangkok. Today, U.N. travel, as so many other of the organisation's functions, has become commercialised, and Cook's have taken over all U.N. tours; but in the old days we were on our own. Maybe, we did not move so efficiently then, but like Galileo's earth we moved somehow, and with the help of an infinite variety of T.A.'s which, translated from Unoese, meant travel authorisations.

Without a T.A., you got nowhere; yet the T.A. which covered your passage was by no means the same as authorised your *per diem*, and special expenses required a different form yet. A lost T.A. spelt tragedy, for no money laid out could be recovered without it, and ensuing negotiations between the unhappy international official, on the one hand, and the Bureau of Finance on the other, might spin out into months, with bigger and better forms to be filled out by all concerned and with one's checking account still showing an overdraft. Now presumably all works smoothly by courtesy of Thos. Cook's, but I sometimes wonder whether efficiency is truly a substitute for fun.

It was in 1948 when a group of us, after a Committee meeting in Geneva, were escorted—not herded—on to Paris, to help service the General Assembly, which was about to open its Third Session. All the T.A.'s had been properly made out, and there were thirteen of us boarding the night-train to France. Sleepers had been reserved for us, and it was only as the train pulled out of the Gare Cornavain that I discovered that I was to share a compartment with an elderly Swiss gentleman. There had been a slip-up on one of the T.A.'s after all, for I was listed as *Monsieur* Wassermann.

Our party thought it was quite a lark, but the elderly gentleman seemed rather startled, and the somewhat puzzled conductor was deeply apologetic. "*Ah, quelle erreur, Madame,*" he repeated several times, each exclamation accompanied by another glance at me—making quite certain that I was, indeed, not *Monsieur*. Then he went off to consult with a colleague in the adjoining carriage.

He soon came back, smiling. Surely, the problem was a simple one to solve. Some couple, sharing one of the other compartments, would willingly be separated for the night; then he would be able to put up *Monsieur* with the gentleman and *Madame—not Monsieur* Wassermann—with the lady. It sounded simple enough until he discovered that, by a sheer fluke, the Geneva-Paris train that night carried no single couple who would meet our needs. Our own group consisted of eight men and four girls, besides myself; they were all properly divided by sex.

The elderly Swiss gentleman insisted that *Madame* must not be deprived of a night's rest; he would—reluctantly, but like the gentleman he was—change to another carriage and spend the night sitting up.

It was my turn to protest. "I can hardly deprive an old man of his compartment," I said to the conductor.

"The question is an academic one, *Madame*," the conductor replied, the full emphasis on the *Madame*, "this train runs sleepers only."

Our party repaired to the restaurant car, leaving the unhappy conductor and the elderly gentleman deep in thought. Over dinner and a bottle of Neufchatel, one of my colleagues said: "But couldn't you just share the compartment with the old man? He looks perfectly sweet and quite harmless."

"I wouldn't mind," I replied, "but they'll probably think it's most improper."

However, the longer we thought about it, the more it began to appear as the only possible solution, lest either the old gentleman or I should be forced to spend the night standing up in the corridor. We sent for the conductor, and I explained our proposal.

"If *Monsieur* doesn't mind," I said, "it will be all right with me. After all, nobody need undress," I added.

The conductor seemed much relieved. He had not wished to suggest it to *Madame*, he bowed, but if *Madame* was *d'accord*, he would now put the matter up to *Monsieur*. After all, he added:

"I believe *Madame* and her party come from America where, I understand, everybody sleeps with everybody else—in the same carriage, I mean."

"Well, not quite," several of us said at once, "the beds are divided by curtains."

"I understand," said the conductor and left.

When we returned to our own carriage, the conductor was still closeted with the elderly Swiss gentleman. The door to the compartment was ajar, and we could hear snatches of their conversation. The old gentleman still protested; he did not wish to embarrass *Madame*, he insisted, and yet his longing for sleep made the proposal sound increasingly attractive. He would gladly take even the upper bed, he said, and he would certainly refrain from removing any garments, and yet—he appealed to the conductor—what of the proprieties?

"I have never done such a thing in my life," he said.

"I understand, *Monsieur*," the conductor said, "*Mais qu'est ce que vous voulez*," he added, "*on n'y regarde pas tant, chez nous Suisses, à la différence entre hommes et femmes.*"

URSULA WASSERMANN

PASTORAL

Mr. Vernon Johnson, the author of "Pastoral" in our issue of December 12, is not the Right Reverend Monsignor Vernon Johnson.

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The Soft-Hearted Tiger

If an agnostic were to indulge the day-dream that he was a Roman Catholic priest charged with the spiritual care of some of the more celebrated converts of the day, he would be likely to fancy that no confession would be more piquant to hear than that of Gilbert Harding. A man who has been something of a misfit, in a variety of ill-paid jobs, for most of his life, and then suddenly, in middle age, begins to earn an enormous income and perpetual front-page notoriety—so that, when he is sick, the papers publish daily news of his progress—must be even more sorely tempted than most people to the sin of pride; and one of the many manifestations of this sin is not easily distinguished from the gift whose uninhibited exercise has earned Harding his fame—the gift of crusty forthrightness, of "saying what everyone would like to have dared to say," of calling a spade a bloody shovel. Such outspokenness may be, in essence, only a variant of the pharisaism of the publican who thanks God that he is not as the pharisees are.

Harding is saved from boring braggadocio or line-shooting by two qualities—an integrity which makes him say what is uncomfortable rather than merely fashionable or demagogic, and an inner uncertainty so obsessive that it is almost as meritorious as genuine humility.

His integrity is rather like the honesty of the boy in Hans Andersen who pointed out that the king had no clothes on. He deserves no particular credit for it; he may regret, in retrospect, some of the occasions of its display; but, if he ever poses at all, it is only as himself, a little larger than life. He really is that early-Waugh or school-story character, the irascible pedagogue with the heart of gold, the homespun St. George tilting constantly against snobbery, pomposity, bureaucratic cruelty, bad food, and "silly women."

His inner uncertainty derives partly from his shrewd perception of the precarious nature of his own present fame and wealth, dependent as they are on the almost accidental caprice of television producers and viewers; but mainly, no doubt, from the unusual circumstances of his childhood. His parents were Master and Matron of the workhouse at Hereford; so that he was, at home, a "princeling," attended by innumerable domestic servants, yet, outside, socially inferior, regarded by other children as "little better than the pauper inmates" of the institution that was his home. When he was four years old, his father died: he came under the despotic power of a hated grandfather. At nine he was sent to the Royal Orphanage School at Wolverhampton: he recalls with loathing the appalling food there, the uniform and the "dreadful heavy boots," the headmaster's "reign of terror" and the floggings, the "unspeakable shame" of a communal bath "under the supervision of a maid." It is little wonder that, when he got to Cambridge with a scholarship—and to a college, Queens', where the food was good—he ran into debt with the tradesmen and spoke frequently at the Union (though he never stood for the presidency, because, he himself says, he has "always had a fear of being shown up").

At Cambridge he began to move towards the Left politically and towards Catholicism. G. K. Chesterton befriended and influenced him. He disapproved of blacklegging by undergraduates during the General Strike of 1926; he acted as thurifer at High Mass in King's College chapel. On leaving Cambridge he went as an Anglican ordinand to Mirfield; but became a Roman Catholic less than a year later.

His attachment to the Church of Rome has been, in some respects, restless and erratic. After his recent illness he was talking to a Roman Catholic friend whose devotion had been somewhat perfunctory. "You ought to be reconciled to the Church, old boy," he said. "Best thing for you. I got done just before Christmas, when I was in bed. Father Christie came and did me"—adding, with a hoarse chuckle—"with elaborate stealth."

In the uneasy 1930s Harding found his way into and out of a number of teaching jobs—in a Benedictine abbey, in Canada, at a Sussex crammer's, in Auvergne, in Cyprus. For a time he was an unhappy uniformed police-constable in Bradford. He tried to break into journalism. He read for the Bar. At last, when the war came, he joined the B.B.C. He was staggered by the lavishness of his starting salary—£480 a year.

Many of the facts of Harding's life can be learned from his lately published "autobiography," *Along My Line*. It is enlivened, too, by authentic echoes of his salty conversation. It is, however, unworthy of him; and internal evidence suggests that too much of it was dictated rather than written, and that too little care was given to proof-revision. Characteristic at least are the dedication ("To Mother, who deserves so much more and so much better"); the book's final sentence ("But I do wish that the future were over"); and many intimations of impatient compassion for those whose lot in the world is hard.

Kindness to those who are not well off, or pretentious, or "grand" is indeed the element in him which complements most obviously his asperity to those who are. In private he is both like and unlike his public character: he is flamboyant, untidy, husky, positive; he wears loud squire-archical checks and plaids, and his excellent anecdotes are often laced with a reminiscent tetchiness; but his asides betray the lurking charity, humility and uncertainty. "Phoney" is one of his favourite words: the autobiography is "another stone in the cairn of phoneyness . . . except that a cairn stands up . . . say another card in the house of cards."

He lives, temporarily, in the cosy but unremarkable front room of a rambling ground-floor furnished flat near Sloane Street. The devoted secretaries who attend him are in and out all the time: a *Daily Sketch* photographer wants to take a picture ("No, Fox Agency have got it exclusively"); a maker of coffee machines wants him to be photographed using one ("No I *will not* be photographed with it—I'll pay for it if I can afford to, but I will *not* be photographed using it"); an aspiring actor wants an introduction to

a producer; a newspaper rings up to ask for his New Year resolutions ("I never make any—except, this year, to think more of the word P-E-A-C-E and less of other groups of letters like G-A-T-T and N-A-T-O. . . . Yes, P-E-A-C-E—a word journalists don't know enough about"). He is more than normally fretful, because he has given up smoking. He must nurse his asthma, and dictate his newspaper columns, until he can get away to a warm climate. Domestic problems oblige him to go to Hereford. He is borrowing a car to go in. Shall he accept a Ford car that the makers want to give him? ("But then, somebody would have to drive it. I don't know anybody who can drive.") He dispenses fine brandy. He wants another glass. He lumbers over to the bed and rings the bell, feeling obliged, as he does so, to say: "It's an awful thing to do, but if one wants something the only thing is to press a bell." Another paper comes on the telephone, just vaguely "wanting a story." ("What hell it all is!") Again and again, in the brief lulls between these vulgar intrusions into his private life, he reverts to a topic that preoccupies and disturbs him: "But what are we going to do about *Africa,* dear boy? Tell me that. *Africa.* We're making the most ghastly mess of it."

This is the man to whom is applied the facile label, "the rudest man in England." He has, in a way, earned it. Apart from his much-publicised explosions on television, most of which can be justified or excused, there are few men alive with his knack of crushing repartee and less hesitation in using it. When a snobbish hostess in Toronto remarked that he was not living at a very fashionable address there, he replied "Nor is Toronto, madam." When Lady Astor, at a recent party, begged him to save her from having to talk to "that deadful man," Aneurin Bevan, he asked her why she dared to presume that Bevan would wish to talk to her, since he was ten times as important as she and her sons and her sons' sons put together. He has been known to turn roundly on a stranger with "Madam, you are a very stupid or a very wicked woman," proceeding from that to a more reasoned tirade; but then, this woman had ventured, in his hearing, to defend the colour bar.

He is not, indeed, a misanthrope. He claims really to dislike "only four people in the world—and they keep on changing"; one of them is usually a Right-wing economist. His likes and dislikes are, in fact, discriminating. He does not "adore children." He likes some children and dislikes others—"and I dislike them the more for being the occasion of making me despise myself for disliking them."

His brusqueness has caused him to be likened to Dr. Johnson; and it is not a bad likeness. The modern character whom, superficially, he may seem most to resemble is Colonel Blimp: choleric, prejudiced, shaggy-moustached, extremely English. Fortunately, he is a Blimp with liberal instincts and sympathies. He is also an intellectual *manqué*—an intelligent man in the classic dilemma of intelligent men with expensive tastes, caught inextricably on the treadmill of money-making ballyhoo. So his tears and his self-lacerating remorse are almost as ready as his fits of generous anger.

In short, he is essentially a good man; but he is unlikely, as things are, ever to be a happy man.

NEXT WEEK
Miss Edith Sitwell:
Character Sketch with Caricature
by VICKY

The Arts and Entertainment

ROMANCE AND MAGIC

On successive nights last week Londoners could hear two Russian operas, neither of which is firmly established in the international repertory, though both hover on the brink of it: Rimsky-Korsakov's *Coq d'Or* at Covent Garden and Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* at Sadler's Wells. If the latter occasion proved the more enjoyable that is largely because *Onegin* is a much richer and more satisfying work of art.

People always quote Tchaikovsky's description of his operatic masterpiece as "lyrical scenes" in support of the charge that it is undramatic. But is *Onegin* so very undramatic? The story, in itself interesting, is carried forward swiftly and with absolute clarity. So sure is the composer's sense of stage reality that he almosts succeeds in persuading an audience that an entire night has passed in some twenty minutes of actual time. The duel scene in the snow creates tension and excitement: I remember once, at a German performance, how a heavy middle-aged man in the row behind my own rose in his seat at the moment of Lensky's fall to announce in solumn and utterly unselfconscious tones audible throughout the house: "*Tot!*" The incidental music with which Tchaikovsky is often too lavish—choruses, dances, songs "by request" and so on—here serves a necessary purpose in underlining the rustic simplicity of Tatiana's background. The final scene, in which the married heroine sadly sends away the now infatuated Onegin, is certainly unlike the usual operatic conclusion; but it is no more undramatic than many an admired ending in Chekhov. The main weakness of the work is in fact a strictly musical one, which may not strike us until we have grown fairly familiar with the score: namely, the composer's inveterate habit of echoing the vocal line, one bar later, in woodwind or strings. To set against this we have unfailing atmospheric charm and wonderfully veracious portraits of three youthful romantics: the Byronic Onegin, the naive Lensky and the adorable Tatiana.

Rimsky's magical opera, reheard after a long interval, seems a trifle shop-soiled: funny abracadabra is a less durable commodity than the stirrings of the heart. Busoni, it is true, claimed that magic was the proper field of opera; but would he not have been nearer the mark if he had said "of ballet"? At any rate, it is easy to see why *Coq d'Or* should have been performed in the past both as opera-cum-ballet and as ballet pure and simple. At Covent Garden the first act, dimly sung and played in an ugly and inconvenient set, seemed desperately unenchanting. Magic entered with Act II, in which Loudon Sainthill's murky colour-schemes were helped out by ingenious stage mechanism. Here the orchestra, which had so far played poorly under Igor Markevitch, began to shimmer and glow; and here Mattiwilda Dobbs, as the Queen of Shemakha, unveiled her considerable fascinations. Her voice lacks the icy instrumental precision demanded by Rimsky's vocal line; there is something a shade too human in both her singing and her stage presence. But she is beautifully musical, and some of her softer phrases held the house in a delighted hush. The success of this act was crowned by the deliciously funny and sad slow-motion dancing of King Dodon: a characteristic fancy of the producer, Robert Helpmann, perfectly realised by Howell Glynne. The Covent Garden production is worth seeing simply for this long central act; the third act, so much less interesting, is mercifully brief. The trouble with Rimsky's score is monotony: he is too economical with his fascinating inventions, and before the evening is over we have tired of the Queen's chromatic sinuosities and of the Astrologer's shifting triads. Magicians who wish to keep us under their spell must take care to vary their patter.

The Sadler's Wells *Onegin* was first seen some two years ago; Tatiana's bedroom, the single failure among Motley's admirable sets, has fortunately been redesigned. The performance went very well, with particularly good marks for two small roles: Ereach Riley's French tutor and Anna Pollak's wonderfully clear and collected portrait of Madame Larina. Frederick Sharp repeated his stylish, intelligent Onegin; Amy Shuard, lately returned from a period of Italian study, was again the Tatiana. She has gained in stage assurance, and I wish I could add some compliment about her vocal condition. But if she is to fulfil her early promise, she must listen to herself all the time and aim at a rounder, sweeter, more covered quality. At present she is apt to strike an uncomfortably hollow resonance, a sort of rawness, which is neither agreeable nor particularly Italian. Most of the time she was singing much too loud, as though Tatiana were Tosca. But this was a general fault, indeed the main one, in the whole performance. James Robertson, the conductor, has often earned our gratitude, but he must beware of a tendency to aim, above all things, at brilliance and brio.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWELFTH NIGHT

There is an obvious difficulty in planning a production of Shakespeare's romantic comedies, and of *Twelfth Night* in particular, namely, that the extremes of feeling in them are so far apart that it is difficult to bring them into any sort of relation to one another. At one end, knockabout farce as rollicking as anything you may enjoy at the Victoria Palace (at least if you choose to play it that way): at the other a haunting lyricism that is as far distant from that as could possibly be. Of course, the taste of each age differs in its readiness to swallow the incongruous. An Elizabethan audience no doubt would have been quite untroubled by the discrepancies, and the eighteenth century, having too supreme a belief in itself and its own judgments to think Shakespeare sacred, would doubtless, if they had been worried, simply have ironed them out. Nor, by the way, has *Twelfth Night* always had the high standing in Shakespeare's work that it seems to hold at present. Pepys saw it three times between 1661 and 1669 and pronounced against it each time ("One of the weakest plays that ever I saw upon the stage"); Dr. Johnson was very cool in judging it ("Not credible . . . it exhibits no just picture of life"); while Leigh Hunt in 1811 pronounced it "perhaps the last in rank of Shakespeare's more popular dramas," and in 1820 confessed to preferring the musical version given at Covent Garden.

But we, in our time, find violent incongruities unacceptable; we want to feel the relationship between the whole and the parts. The solution provided by Mr. Denis Carey, who is in charge of the current production at the Old Vic, satisfied this wish entirely. He brought up the lyric and the romantic note to its full power and tuned down the knockabout as far as it would go. This is naturally disappointing to those who enjoy Shakespearean clowning. Having myself a marked antipathy to it, I found the change delightful. I have had more than my fill of broad-bottomed, beef-faced Belches bouncing about on beer barrels. Give me, every time, the quiet, humorous drollery with which Mr. Burton plays the part, letting the words (admirably delivered) and the situations (admirably staged) do most of the work, and keeping the business secondary to it. This in turn requires a corresponding self-effacement in the Aguecheek, which Mr. William Squire is prepared to oblige with. The combination seems to me most happy, and the fun, though less rowdy than usual, no less diverting.

The romantic side of the comedy was played as slowly as it would bear—perhaps at time, indeed, just a shade more. But that is the only criticism. The opening scene sets the tone and Mr. John Neville, the Orsino, caught it exactly—an atmosphere hushed, heavy and languorous, and Mr.

James Bailey's extremely pretty backcloths and dresses fill it in. Miss Claire Bloom makes a lively Viola, boying it sensibly and convincingly with nothing overdone. The sad clown Feste is the link between the two extremes, and Mr. Paul Daneman made a good shot at a role which needs a great deal more experience for perfect realisation. Mr. Michael Hordern was a natural for Malvolio. No nonsense here about the tragicall-comicall. He belonged unequivocally with the comics, but as these were anyhow high comics rather than low, this fitted in, too. A fine restraint that is nowhere tepid is the controlling note of this production. In atmosphere it is all charm and beauty, and the verse is well spoken.

In *At the Lyric* (the Lyric Hammersmith), which I have so far had room barely to mention, we welcome Miss Hermione Baddeley back to the revue stage. It is a happy occasion, for Miss Baddeley is a mistress of its pleasures, equally at home in a Bognor Regis restaurant car, or the seedier edges of Wimbledon Common or the slippery staircase of the Café de Paris. Miss Baddeley has a wonderful comic gift that alternately devastates and illuminates the subject of attack, perpetually punctuating or puncturing with rasping wheezes or raucous ginny asides, superbly timed. In this revue she is ably supported by Miss Dora Bryan, Mr. Ian Carmichael and Miss Eric Berry, and especially by the principal writer, Mr. Alan Melville. He and his associates have produced an agreeably entertaining version of the now established pattern of intimate revue. All the same I think it would be well worth their while to ask themselves whether this type of entertainment is not just reaching the point where there is not much more to be got out of it.

T. C. WORSLEY

CARNIVAL PAINTER

DUFY (now at the Tate) almost defies serious criticism. Gaiety and analysis cannot go hand in hand. Ask, "Are you really happy," or "Why are you so happy?" and the happiness is diffused. He has been compared to Mozart. But that is as exaggerated as it is silly to regret that he was not a Beethoven. Dufy took a lot of trouble to hide his skill and any evidence of struggle in his work; he knew that enchantment must almost seem spontaneous, and that decoration should delight rather than provoke "profound admiration." Now that he is a dead master, his apologists take almost as much trouble to point out that he was not really a superficial artist and that a great deal of knowledge and craftsmanship lay behind his "effortless" canvases. Yet really that is not necessary, for Dufy hasn't got to be justified. No justification will convince the artistic and political Calvinists who disapprove of him. And he himself laid no great claims. "I started out with the smallest of ideas. How hard I have had to work before I shed my husk."

He was not a draughtsman. If one looks at the 1900 portrait of his brother as a bandsman, and then at his 1950 version of the same picture, one sees that even after fifty years' experience of painting he didn't bother to correct the weak drawing of the hand. He was not an intellectual painter. His early cubist works lack any rational investigation of form. He was not really even a Fauve; his fauvist pictures were not predatory enough. He was simply, frankly, zestfully, an entertainer, and the visual equivalent of entertainment is decoration. His sketch for a swimming-bath mural in the *Normandie* and his huge panel of the History of Electricity for the 1937 Paris exhibition show what a natural decorator he was. The placing of each "diffusion" of colour seems as apt and happy an accident as a fine day for the opening. They celebrate their own occasions and nothing more—like a frieze of live flowers. Electricity is the world lit up: the swimming-pool *décor* an Undine invitation to the dance.

The tragedy of Dufy was that in our "age of anxiety" he was not used every month to design for pageants, processions, public holidays. As it was, he watched them—such as they were—and painted pictures *of* them: the regattas, the races, the receptions, the concerts, the casino parties, the *fêtes*. Probably these pictures are far happier than were the occasions themselves, for Dufy understood the value of the transient. He knew that delight must be immediate. And so he worked out a visual shorthand to save—not so much time—as any appearance of meditation. He used oil paint like water colour (his whites look like the white of the paper) in order to emphasise the volatility of light and of his own reactions. A brush mark of white on green, a squiggle and a blob near it, and, hey presto! you have a cabbage white; another, and you have a sail on the sea, yet another, a *débutante* at a dance. To look at a good picture by Dufy is like being blindfolded, led to somewhere in the sunlight, and suddenly having your eyes unbandaged: the dazzle of light, the surprise of vision itself then confound all precise logic. Which is, perhaps, also a way of describing the essence of gaiety. Dufy's vision was not profound, but his gaiety was.

In the mixed exhibition at the Leicester Galleries there is an excellent Courbet landscape, a good Gertler portrait of his mother (one can see how she did not know what to do with her hands unless she was cooking or polishing), and a serious picture of some apple trees by Patrick Swift. At Roland Browse and Delbanco there are paintings well worth seeing by Edward Middleditch, Michael Fussel, Will Roberts, and others.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

WRITING in the *Radio Times* the other week, Mr. MacNeice said: "In general a medium which uses sound alone makes the suspension of disbelief much easier." For a long time to come we shall probably be bothered by the problem of the boundaries between sound broadcasting and television, and for a writer of Mr. MacNeice's particular kind television must represent black reaction. The poet in the television studio sinks to the level of the poet in the film studio, as a man who is called in occasionally to compose a commentary. But the air—sound alone—gives the poet freedom; naturalism, which may as easily bog down television as it has bogged down the theatre, can be side-stepped. Mr. MacNeice was writing about his fairy story *The Heartless Giant*. It is one of his best radio pieces, charming, gay, light, brought to life by a use of sound which is both poetic and witty. How good, for instance, were the animals in this play, Mr. Esmé Percy's splendid old *laudator-temporis-acti* of a raven, Mr. Charles Leno's barrow-boy wolf from Oxford Street, Mr. Richard Hurndall's unctuous salmon. One of the happiest circumstances of the present is the costliness of television programmes. If they could be put on as cheaply as productions in sound that alone would probably by now have meant the end of sound, and we should already be regretting the loss of freedom the air conferred on us, regretting, in fact, the loss of precisely such programmes as *The Heartless Giant*.

In many programmes, perhaps in the majority, this problem of the boundaries between sound and vision scarcely arises at all. Whether they are in sound alone or with vision added is merely a matter of expedience. Take, for example, *Riverside Borough*, in which Mr. Tom Hopkinson appears as a sort of modern Mayhew investigating the present condition of Bermondsey. I thought the first programme in the series, *What Bermondsey Thinks of Itself*, extremely promising. Through Mr. Hopkinson's interviews a sense of the place and especially of its inhabitants emerged. What was revealed was a respectable, residential, almost entirely working-class borough with an illegitimacy rate only half that of Hampstead. But Bermondsey is a local habitation as well as a name; it does not exist, like Louis MacNeice's world, in a poet's mind only; and transferred to television, Mr. Hopkinson's programme would have lost nothing and gained much. This is not to criticise it: it was very good; but such programmes as *Riverside Borough* seem to me essentially stop-gaps whose places television will ultimately fill.

It is always pleasant to be able to record improvement. The pre-Christmas edition of *Panorama*, Television's magazine programme of the contemporary scene, struck me as almost entirely deplorable; and the failures seemed to stem from a lack of confidence on the part of those responsible for it in the intrinsic interest of what they were presenting, a lack of confidence that manifested itself in rather silly, distracting tricks. These haven't entirely gone: Mr. Hale, the theatre critic, still addresses us from the lofty eminence of a mock-up of a stage box; and the distinguished launderer who had to defend himself from the onslaught of an angry, vociferous and it seemed to me unreasonable housewife did so from behind the bars of a police-court dock. Yet as a whole, last week's was a much better and more intelligent programme. I hope that one day television will find a way of reviewing books which does not suggest that the most important thing about them is the illustrations they may happen to have. But how pleasant it was to have the chance of seeing and listening to Mr. Von Stroheim, who talked with a bluntness which I suspect is not commonly heard in television studios; and how refreshing to see an exhibition of ballet dancing by students from Russia.

Dramatically, the high spot of the week in television was a very polished and adroit production of Mr. Van Druten's little piece of highly professional sleight-of-hand, *There's Always Juliet*, acted with great conviction by Miss Margaret Johnston and Mr. Robert Beatty. The original play for the medium was, alas, beneath criticism. Mr. C. E. Webber has done good work in sound, but in *The Gift* he takes an idea which would make a five-minute revue sketch and elongates it for an hour: a clerk, coming round from concussion, finds himself afflicted with the gift of being able to talk in what the author conceives to be poetry, garbled gobbets of the better-known Shakespeare and the more familiar anthology pieces. It made one squirm.

The Third has begun its survey *The Heritage of Spain* admirably with the first part of Mr. Merwin's translation of *The Cid*. It made absorbing listening, and it was beautifully and vigorously rendered by its readers. This project, *The Heritage of Spain*, promises to be as exciting as anything the Third has done; and once again, the Third shows itself as the great literary patron of our time and also as the great explorer of cultures comparatively unfamiliar to most of us. What should we do without it?

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Moon is Blue," at the London Pavilion
"So Big," at Warner's

An "X" certificate should cover a multitude of sins; those in *The Moon is Blue* seem hardly peccadilloes. Take a walk round the London Pavilion and you will find it hung with such alluring banners as "All About the Facts of Life," "Adam's Idea of Every Eve," and the like; but inside, the film wouldn't shock a great-grandfather.

True, the heroine is a virgin, somewhat apologetic; she gets picked up, in the most innocent way, on the top of the Empire State building; a night of complications in and out of a flat are followed by flight and reconciliation on the top of the Empire State building; and wedding bells are close. Nothing has, as they say, "happened," or remotely looked like happening. A more harmless little piece one could hardly imagine; yet it gets the coveted "X" which only last week harboured Mickey Spillane. It happens also to be a rather charming, airy, sub-witty confection with lines of talk that mildly lilt as does a good musical.

The Moon is Blue comes straight from the stage with no disguise and no need of it. Being bedroom farce, or hearth and kitchen farce, it

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must enchant with a very few characters; the would-be lovers, an intruding rake with a bothersome daughter in the background. Fat parts for thin characters; and a sort of exhilaration seizes the actors—Maggie McNamara (a new winner) as Miss Innocence, William Holden as her preserver, and David Niven as the most charming of cads. He drinks quite a bit too, but in an Arcadian way. His daughter takes foam-baths to amuse a poodle. Bath-water leaks through the ceiling. Everything happens to the destined lovers that one would bet on happening. There's a bang at the door (3 a.m.). *She* is bundled away into a bedroom, while *he* goes to see who it is. The door is about to open when he notices her coat and hat hung conspicuously on a chair. So he has to come back and bundle that away, etc., etc. All this has the hackneyed address and sparing ingenuity of the stage success spun out of nothing; but in the spinning the playwright, Hugh Herbert, has managed to insinuate charm. I dare say that *The Moon is Blue* would exhilarate even more on the stage; here we have the advantage of close-ups, and the disadvantage that light though the talk is it goes on and on. The screen wasn't made for so much chatter and so little else (and one of those absurdly wide screens at the London Pavilion doesn't improve matters): yet, slightness, elongation, staginess and all, this is a film almost nobody could fail to enjoy. Even the queues that have waited below those lurid banners outside may feel that they've been cheated in a good cause.

So Big starts off as one of those flattering, earthy pictures about a foreign community in America (the Dutch), develops a powerful mother-fixation, traverses the decades, and ends up with a whole new set of characters and Mom looking sad and great in the fields. It saves one reading an interminable Pulitzer novel, but I can't say painlessly.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

MR. ALBU'S FABIANISM

SIR,—Your comment on the function of the Fabian Society in the Labour Movement today is interesting, especially in the light of the message of the newly elected Fabian Chairman, Mr. Austen Albu, M.P., in this month's *Fabian News*.

Discussing equality, Mr. Albu writes: "There is general agreement that equality of income has been pushed nearly as far as is compatible with incentive." I wonder if Mr. Albu would reveal the grounds for his belief that there is "general agreement" with this statement, which is of great interest to railwaymen, miners, engineers and a host of other trade unionists.

He continues: "We are more concerned with social equality, and the emphasis has moved from equality of opportunity to equality of status." Again, many people would be grateful if Mr. Albu could explain how "social equality" or "equality of status" can be achieved without equality of opportunity, and with existing inequalities of income. (The dockers and the Dockers, for example.) Or do I misunderstand and does Mr. Albu mean that equality of opportunity has been so substantially achieved that it no longer needs to be emphasised?

Mr. Albu concludes this paragraph by saying: "We all feel guilty about the British class system; but have we considered how far McCarthyism may be a product of the lack of prestige accorded to an intellectual élite in the U.S.?" The only possible answer to this question is, I fear, "No, we haven't." But now that I have considered it I am still of the opinion that McCarthyism is the product of deeper and more dangerous forces than Mr. Albu's question suggests.

Now one may agree with THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that the Fabian Society today "stands for a cross-section of all varieties of Socialist opinion" and that "the function of the Labour Movement's intellectuals is . . to provide ideas for testing and to clarify aspirations by converting them into clearly formulated plans." But it is surely essential that the intellectuals and the Labour Movement should have common aspirations and that the intellectuals should express "Socialist opinions" while they are planning. The Labour Party is committed to the belief that equality of opportunity is the only basis for a just and democratic society. Mr. Albu appears to differ and produces a formula with which I believe no intelligent Tory would quarrel.

Is it not time for the Fabian Society to consider how far the doctrine of collective non-responsibility can safely be carried under the shelter of the Labour Party which was founded not "to feel guilty about the British class system," but to abolish it?

Hitchin, Herts. DOROTHY ARCHIBALD

SPECIALIST PRACTICE

SIR,—Your recent correspondents seem to be so obsessed with jealousy that they fail to think of equity. A little reflection would show that the payment of fees for domiciliary consultations is a remarkably sound principle. These consultations are irregular in incidence and timing. Inevitably the general physician and surgeon will have many such calls, while the pathologist and the radiologist will have comparatively few. It seems clear that if specialists engaged in either part-time or whole-time work are paid equal salaries for their routine hospital sessions, those whose week-ends and evenings are regularly disturbed ought to be compensated in proportion to the amount of such disturbance. The just thing is to make consultation fees payable to both whole-time and part-time specialists.

The anomalies in respect of expenses would seem to be the result of the strict application of certain Treasury principles. They do not always involve as much hardship as some of your correspondents would imply. In regard to travelling, for instance, the part-time specialist may be compelled by the needs of his private practice to live far away from his hospitals, while the whole-timer can live almost on the doorstep of his principal hospital and collect mileage payments when he has to attend other hospitals. It is, however, true that professional workers have to incur certain necessary expenses, whether they work whole-time or part-time, and that the Inland Revenue Department fails to recognise this. The remedy, surely, is a system of allowances for expenses which takes proper account of the professional worker's special conditions.

Though a believer in the ultimate achievement of a whole-time salaried service, I agree with Mr. Bevan that no service can be successfully nationalised unless those who are to operate it are willing to co-operate. Rather than condemn him for "bribing" the consultants, I commend him for producing a plan which, allowed to work properly, would produce a gradual withering away of private practice. To introduce an immediate whole-time salaried service would be disastrous; to allow the whole-time officer the privileges which the part-timer enjoys would favour a steady drift into whole-time work.

None of your correspondents, however, has mentioned the system of "distinction awards" which, properly applied, would be of great help. Its basic principle was that the able man who had accepted a moderately paid post in a place which allowed him moderate scope, but in which his talents were needed, should receive extra remuneration for staying in that post, so that he would not be tempted to move to a place where he could increase his income by large-scale private consulting practice. The awards are secret, but there is a good deal of suspicion that they are often being made to those who already have enough, rather than to those who would be most appropriately rewarded by them.

The argument that part-time consultants are contributing nothing to research is singularly inept, because it ignores the fact that the nature of medicine is so changing that the initiation of research demands facilities which exist only in special research institutes. But while discoveries are being made in laboratories, the application and clinical trial of what is discovered is being undertaken by clinicians in both whole-time and part-time service. The "papers," which one of your correspondents so slightingly mentions, are important, integral parts of the whole research process.

It is agreed that the whole-time consultant is sometimes unjustly treated, but to advocate a procedure which will merely subject all to the same injustice is neither sound justice nor sound Socialism.

JOHN KERSHAW

TEACHERS AND SOCIETY

SIR,—Your article on this vital question is very important but somewhat belated. Our society must be increasingly dependent upon the intellectual capacity of its members. Our contracting Empire and diminishing sources of raw materials are obvious to all, yet we calmly watch our greatest raw material, our brains, remain comparatively neglected. Meanwhile those who have achieved position attempt to sidestep our educational neglect by sending their children to public schools. Your recent article on medical salaries shows the contrast existing in the two professions. At present general practitioners, excluding less than 1,000 short-list men, are being paid more than £3,000 per annum by the Ministry of Health. Many, of course, conduct a private practice, too.

I hold a whole-time consultant post, and for this my annual salary is five times as large as that received by my brother, a teacher who has comparable qualifications and experience. Many part-time specialists are paid more for travelling time and mileage each year than is earned by some whole-time schoolteachers. These sums are paid for going to work for not more than 32 hours each week.

The medical schools are besieged by students clamouring to enter, while the country watches unperturbed the withering away of its most important teaching profession. Are we progressing towards Socialism?

HORACE JOULES

Central Middlesex Hospital.

SIR,—If the recent Council meeting of the Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools has done little more than focus public attention on the financial plight of teachers, it has achieved much. Your perceptive article certainly reinforces the case for the more equitable salary scale claimed by teachers in secondary schools, but, as you say, public opinion is so ill-informed about education generally, and indifferent to the position of teachers in particular, that one wonders whether this widespread apathy has not emboldened the Local Authorities' panel of the Burnham Committee, and successive Ministers of Education, to reject the teachers' repeated and just demands. Certainly, in course of time, members of the profession have grown increasingly sceptical of the sincerity of politicians and educational pundits.

Even in the profession itself opinion has moved slowly towards an emphatic declaration of salary policy. At last, indignation has gathered such force that the day has arrived when the question of striking is something more than another item on an overcrowded agenda paper at a teachers' conference. That strike action filled the horizon at the meeting of the Association of Assistant Masters could not have been doubted for one moment by any impartial observer. As a delegate, and one who took part in the debate, my impression was that most members of Council had come resolved to see that justice was done, and done speedily. The narrow majority of six against taking strike action clearly showed to what extent teachers in my branch of the profession have been roused.

E. H. DAY

Woking, Surrey.

ANY QUESTIONS

SIR,—Apart from the matters referred to in Mr. B. W. Dale's letter, Labour speakers in the programme "Any Questions" appear under a further handicap. The programme always takes place in the West of England where, apart from one or two large towns like Bristol, the area is strongly Conservative. Naturally, the audiences reflect this point of view and are not a typical cross-section of the political community.

It would be interesting to know why the B.B.C. does not hold this programme in the industrial north or in the East End of London.

ANTONY BLAKE

The County Hall,
London, S.E.1.

COLONIAL BALANCES

SIR,—It is a little perverse of Miss Hill, in her review of *The New West Africa*, to imply that the economic section of the book advocates that the Marketing Boards' reserves should be "frittered away in price maintenance" instead of being spent on capital development. Nearly a third of the chapter in question is devoted to the problems of capital development in British West Africa, and if Miss Hill had read as far as page 139 she would have found the statement that, under suitable conditions, "these Boards can and should be used as major sources of capital accumulation." The economic development of underdeveloped countries has always been taken to mean that, since these countries are too poor to pay for sufficient capital and consumer goods from abroad, they should be helped to finance *import surpluses* by drafts of capital from wealthier lands. Since the war the opposite has, in fact, occurred to a startling extent. In 1951, to take only one example, Nigeria exported goods to the value of £130 millions, while her imports totalled £84 millions. *Export surpluses* have been the rule from Britain's colonies; yet these countries are, by common consent, woefully inadequate in levels of consumption and capital development. Blood-letting is not usually recommended as a cure of anæmia.

Marketing Boards have formed an important part of the machinery by which this has been done. The attempt, in Britain, to devote excessive resources to Defence expenditure, while maximising profits and capital accumulation at home, has necessarily involved holding down consumption here and restricting both consumption and capital development in the Colonies. Consumer goods industries, such as Lancashire textiles, naturally suffer from rearmament policies involving restricted consumption—this is not a new discovery of Miss Hill's or of mine. Yet for a reason I have not been able to fathom she regards Lancashire's difficulties in West African markets as a refutation of the criticisms I made and not as an inevitable result of the policies criticised.

West Africa is only a special case; the same processes have been at work in most of the Colonies. The latest information released by the Colonial Office gives the total sterling assets of the Colonies at the end of 1952 as £1,222 millions—an increase of £552 millions since the end of 1949. During the post-war years the sterling assets of the Dominions have *decreased* while those of the Colonies have *increased*—substantially in each case. Dominions are in a relatively strong bargaining position; Colonies in a relatively weak one. All this may be the result of a quite extraordinary coincidence. It may be, as I suggested, the result of exploitation or, as the *Economist* recently preferred to put it, the result of "high policy decisions from London." Or there may be some third possibility, which your reviewer is keeping to herself.

HENRY COLLINS

CRITIC AND AFRICA

SIR,—Please allow me to congratulate "Critic" on the objective, sympathetic and unbiased accounts of his West African tour, headed "African Diary." His humane approach to his findings, rather than their content, commands admiration.

Critic said: "Nigeria and the Gold Coast are genuinely happy countries. There is no colour bar . . ." He goes on: "it is much that when you are to meet an official personage, you don't know whether he will be African or British." Indeed such a view reflects a correct picture, that no doubt owed its origin to local climatic factors, and for the conditions that made this sort of life feasible in both countries, we thank the mosquitoes. A fantastic deduction, it may appear. But last year, during a mass rally in Nigeria, the portrait of a mammoth mosquito was held sky-high before the procession and well above those of the human politicians in the land.

I could only hope that this brief attempt to acquaint the British peoples with just a fragment of what the African has to grapple with, expecially in relation to Press activities here, and other media of representations at large, might be of service in any present and future endeavours to establish true understanding and healthy relationship between the two races.

ADE SODIPO
Action-Group London Branch. *President*

LAST AUTUMN, when people were given back the right to eat the kind of loaf they liked best, a lot was said about the relative merits of different sorts of bread. It isn't easy to sit silent and listen to your own pet subject being discussed, and so we had a shot at settling the argument by publishing the facts and letting people sort them out for themselves. As our postman would tell you, this 'plain man's guide to bread' of ours brought an astonishing response from readers, some approving, some frankly critical, some downright rude. Here are a few of them:

HOCUS-POCUS?

What a pity you have fallen for the temptation of joining the squabble about food values, vitamins, and all the other hocus-pocus scientists serve up nowadays instead of food. There's a good deal of truth in the old saying 'A little of what you fancy does you good'. I eat a lot of your bread, as a matter of fact—but only because I like it.

MR. A. F. J., SALTASH

DOESN'T LIKE IT

The dietitians seem to know what's good for me, but they don't seem to care what I like. I liked your advertisement, but unfortunately I'm not very fond of your bread. . . .

MR. F. B., DARTFORD

We refuse to be drawn into an argument with either of these readers about the merits (or otherwise) of scientific diet. We won't even quarrel with Mr. F. B., who doesn't like Hovis. It would be a dull world if everybody had the same tastes, and we happen to know that thousands eat our bread for its taste alone. One said: 'It's so good you can eat it without butter or jam'.

WHO PAYS?

I found your statement about bread very interesting, but I notice you kept off the subject of price! For the price of a small Hovis I can buy from my baker a wholemeal loaf twice the size.

MRS. J. F., LIGHTCLIFFE

We are tempted to say to Mrs. J. F. that a penny is two and a half times as big as a sixpence, but we know which she would rather have. More seriously, though, we think she may be confusing *true wholemeal* (which sells at about the same price as Hovis) with *wheatmeal*, the government subsidized National Brown. We agree with Mrs. J. F. that this is certainly a good buy at the subsidized price, provided she doesn't expect too much.

Wheatmeal bread varies from place to place; but if it conforms to the official minimum standard it probably has in it about 20% of what in the trade is called 'fine millers offal' which gives the bread its colour, and is unlikely to contain more than 2% of wheat germ.

For the price of that small Hovis, Mrs. J. F., you get something like 8 times as much wheat germ.

ARITHMETIC

I read your advertisement 'Bread is our staple food' in a magazine of my wife's, and I'm with you all the way about wheat germ being good stuff. Haven't you slipped up a bit on your arithmetic, though? So far as I can see you're saying that there's no bran in Hovis flour (I agree there, too, because bran doesn't happen to agree with me!) but it contains 'many times' the natural amount of wheat germ. You can't surely, get more out of the wheat than it had in it originally?

MR. J. P., LONDON, S.W.2

Quite right, Mr. J. P., Hovis contains no bran. You are not the only one who finds that bran doesn't agree with you. You're right, too, when you say we can't take more out of the wheat grain than nature put into it. But, luckily, wheat germ can be bought from other millers and from overseas to make up the larger-than-life-sized quantity of wheat germ in Hovis. Do we pass the arithmetic exam, sir?

KEEPING THE DUST OUT

Though I am naturally concerned with what goes into the bread I give my family I am equally concerned about *what gets on to the loaf* during its journey from the oven to my table. If only I could get Hovis wrapped and sliced. . . .

MRS. B. B., FELIXSTOWE

This was written some months ago, of course. At the time we told Mrs. B. B. that more and more bakers were beginning to offer wrapped and sliced Hovis. We'd be surprised if she has any difficulty in getting it now.

There, then, are just a few of the many letters we had. We should like to thank the many who took the trouble to write, and to show that they give serious thought to what is, after all, a very important article of diet. At risk of being tedious, we repeat what we said before: whatever your choice, remember that bread is a staple part of your diet—choose carefully.

Hovis Limited JANUARY, 1954

GOSPEL TRUTH

SIR,—Your reviewer, Mr. H. L. Short, still accusing us of an elementary lapse in fundamental scholarship, finds himself unable to point out these historical blunders which would invalidate the argument of our *Nazarene Gospel Restored*; and so forfeits the ten pounds we offered him. He contents himself with the following very poor reply:

> In a typical passage Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro assert that Jesus was persuaded by John the Baptist, much against his will to marry Mary of Bethany, but there was no sexual intercourse; however to satisfy the disciples and wedding guests he spent some time alone with her in the bridal chamber. What evidence is there for this? Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro give very little. But they do set out a document (part of their alleged Aramaic gospel) all in King James English in which the speeches and other details are given in full. . . . The Aramaic gospel which they claim to have restored . . . seems to me a work of imaginative fiction.

We do not "*assert*": we are careful to say that our restoration is not necessarily exact, just as Sir Arthur Evans did not claim that his restorations of the peeled Minoan murals at Knossus were necessarily exact. But we give evidence from Origen that Gospel editors were already in his time accused of manipulating the texts for their own ends.

Mr. Short has challenged our work on that part of the gospels which has received most editorial damage, and therefore requires the most difficult critical treatment; but we do not hesitate to give a résumé of our arguments:—

(1) We prove by careful quotation from the gospels themselves, from the corpus of prophesy, canonical and apocryphal, and from the Talmud and Midrash, that to become the Messiah Jesus must have been anointed and crowned King of Israel, precisely by John the Baptist as being "Elijah come again."

(2) We show by quoting Dr. Raphael Patai's authoritative monograph *Hebrew Installation Rites* that such a coronation implied a sacred marriage.

(3) We suggest, by a complex argument, that Mary, daughter of Simeon the Chaste, *may have been* the Queen supplied by John the Baptist.

(4) We show by quotation from a variety of sources, including Ezekiel, Revelations XIV.4, Clement of Alexandria's *Stromateis*, the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs*, and various gospel contexts that this marriage could not have been consummated.

(5) We explain that the coronation, being illegal from a Roman Imperial point of view, might not be openly recorded in the gospels.

(6) We quote Eusebius's account of how Jesus's Galilean grandnephews were brought to Rome and charged with high treason, to prove that the marriage had also to be hushed up, lest Jesus might be suspected of having left an heir to the throne.

(7) We suggest that the original account of the coronation ceremony has been broken up and its parts concealed in distant contexts in the Gospels and the Apocalypse.

(8) We then gather together what appear to be the lost fragments of the marriage story from such texts as Matthew I.19; II.19; IX.5; John III. 23-26, and 29; John IV. 1-3, and Revelations XIX. 6-8 (the wedding of the Lamb of God), all of them passages which in their new contexts are either mysterious, deficient, or historically unplausible. They make so nearly complete a sequence that we have to supply only about one word in ten. Yet we emphasise that "this is debatable ground."

Mr. Short also asks us to justify our "practice, otherwise unknown among historians, of giving a full text in antique English of a document which exists in conjecture only." But our contention throughout the book is that the Nazarene "Gospel" never existed as a document—indeed, the word both in Greek and Aramaic implies an oral pronouncement by a herald—and that it remained oral until parts of it were, for better or worse, copied down by Greek-speaking converts. Moreover, since more than four-fifths of our restored Gospel is quoted, with only slight textual emendation, from the King James Bible, it would be foolish to print the remainder in colloquial English.

And does not Mr. Short know that almost every Christian scholar who worked on Oxyrhynchus Papyrus 654 (which contains a fragmentary conversation between James and Judas) restored the missing parts in King James English? If he obstinately refuses to do his homework, or even to quote correctly, he will never become a scholar as long as he lives.

19 Raleigh Close, ROBERT GRAVES
London, N.W.4. JOSHUA PODRO

[Mr. H. L. Short writes: Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro present a chain of may-have-beens as a proved assertion that is going to rock the churches. They think Origen early. They imagine "an oral pronouncement by a herald" of 75,000 words which "never existed as a document" (oh, these wonderful oriental memories!), verbally rearranged by deceitful editors to tell quite a different story and the original suppressed until Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro recover it entire. This is not restoring a mural; it is knocking the wall down to build a whimsy of one's own.

Here are two examples of how they make a lot out of almost nothing: (1) p. 114: "It had always been so in Israel: the feast of Saul after his coronation (I Samuel ix. 22) was a wedding feast with Samuel acting as paranymph, or 'best man,' like the one recorded in Judges xiv. 10-11, when Samson feasted with thirty 'sons of the bride chamber'." But Saul's feast was not a wedding (unless Mr. Graves or Mr. Podro has private information), nor was it after his coronation, nor was Samson a king (so why bring him in?), nor is there any mention of 'sons of the bride chamber,' a phrase unknown in the Old Testament. I hope Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro have not "restored" the Old Testament also.

(2) p. 120: "Therefore he took unto him his wife as John bade, but he knew her not. Yet he entered with her into the bride chamber which the disciples had builded for him, and tarried there awhile with her." I am sorry to harp on this passage, but it is crucial. It is part of the authentic gospel of which the Four are dishonest perversions. The evidence for it is nil. Their expert witness Dr. Patai says that King Jesus should have married his predecessor's widow; the "complex argument" that he married Mary is that her name is *not* mentioned in John xi. 5, and that the act of wiping his feet with her hair, if John correctly ascribes this to Mary, "could have been pardoned only in a wife." No doubt four-fifths of it is in the King James Bible, if like Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro we may pick here and there as we like. Possibly the germ of the pretty idea about tarrying in the bride chamber is in Rousseau's *Confessions*, Book VIII, unless Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro thought it up themselves.

I have a rival theory, based on John xi. 5 ("Jesus loved Martha"), John xi. 30 ("that place where Martha met him," obviously with sentimental associations), Luke x. 40 ("Martha was cumbered about with much serving," a reference to the well-known servitude of oriental wives), and Luke x. 41 ("Jesus . . . said unto her, Martha, Martha," duplication of names being a sign of intimacy). I hope this is helpful to Mr. Graves and Mr. Podro."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR,—Pray rest assured that this is the last letter I shall address to you on this subject. Any comment Mr. Roper cares to make, I will read with barely flagging interest but leave unanswered. I write now only because Mr. Roper suffers from a delusion which I find personally annoying.

On December 5 he wrote: "Follow me, says Mr. Waugh . . . and join the old English recusants." This week he writes of "that minority of Englishmen whom Mr. Waugh . . . so loudly claims to represent."

Believe me, Sir, I have never, loudly or quietly or in the silence of my heart, claimed or aspired to represent or lead any one of my fellow Catholics. Mr. Roper does not know me but he claims acquaintance with a variety of other Catholics. He should thereby realise that the suggestion is preposterous.

Having said this, may I try to leave a clean plate of the pedantries? Mr. Roper admits that he was wrong about the date of St. John Fisher's execution. He now tacitly, I take it, admits he was wrong when he called it "the first" case of recusancy. There remain then under discussion only the title of Cardinal and the proper use of "recusant."

(1) A Cardinal holds a purely papal appointment. No other ruler can confer the rank or remove it. No consecration is required. A man is a Cardinal from the moment the Pope declares him so, not from his reception of the hat. In the last month of his life St. John Fisher's position resembled that of Cardinal Stepinac today. It would have been injudicious to have referred to him as "His Eminence" before Henry VIII, but Mr. Roper need not fear to do so. St. John enjoyed the same rank and suffered the same local disability as Cardinal Wiseman. Mr. Roper appeals to popular usage and quotes Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, as a parallel. A simple test is to consult the *Encyclopædia Britannica* where he will find four Earls entered under Essex, none of them Cromwell. If he looks up St. John he will find "Fisher, John, Cardinal."

(2) Recusant. I took Mr. Roper to task because in an historical essay he used a term which has borne a "limited and valuable" meaning for at least 250 years in a loose and misleading way. He retorts that it did not bear this precise meaning before 1570. What has that to do with it? "Recusant" before and after 1570 could be used generally to qualify anyone who refused anything. Wordsworth used it with poetic licence of boys who refused to do their lessons. But for at least a century before him the technical meaning was a man who refused to attend church. (I do not know why Mr. Roper attaches such importance to the year 1570. Compulsory attendance at Protestant worship under pain of fines was prescribed in 1558.)

May I make the point clearer? A cavalier poet might well have written: "Bid me to live and I will die, Thy Recusant to be." If I were told that Mr. Roper had never met a Protestant, I should be incredulous. If I were further told that my informant happened to feel like a cavalier that day and that by "Protestant" he meant "one who protested his devotion," I should think the statement plausible but the expression fantastic.

I cannot accept the theory that because Mr. Roper's family apostasised more recently than mine, he has inherited a superior insight into the proper use of language. EVELYN WAUGH

[Mr. Trevor-Roper writes: "May I recommend to Mr. Waugh a period of silent reading? In particular, he might glance at (1) *The Catholic Who's Who and Yearbook*, published by Burns, Oates and Washbourne, publishers to the Holy See. There he will find, in "The Kalendar" (I quote from the 1938 edition, which is before me) that the date 9 July has been declared the official saints-day of SS. John Fisher, Bishop, and Thomas More, Martyrs? There is no mention of "Cardinal." (2) My own article, in which he will find that I made the necessary qualifications about my application of the word "recusant" to More: an application which Mr. Waugh ignorantly challenged and which I have now proved correct. He will also find other matter which he will do well to digest."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—May I suggest that in the 1590s the word "recusant" could still be used with the general meaning of refusal to conform. Donne, in his sixth elegy, uses it for a refusal to conform to the Roman Catholic faith. He is telling his mistress that her rejection of him will not hurt him if he ceases to love her and he writes:

> Though hope bred faith and love; thus taught I shall
> As nations do from Rome, from thy love fall.
> My hate shall outgrow thine, and utterly
> I will renounce thy dalliance: and when I
> Am the Recusant, in that resolute state,
> What hurts it me to be excommunicate?

Sir Herbert Grierson argues that the elegies were probably written between 1593 and 1598. Donne's use of the word in this sense implies that it was not at this time confined to the technical meaning "a Papist who refused to resort to divine worship in Protestant churches." It must have retained the meaning it still has in French. I quote from Larousse, "*Recuser:* refuser de reconnaitre la competance d'un tribunal." JOAN BENNETT

THOMAS BEWICK

SIR,—In your issue of December 5 I referred to Mr. Reynolds Stone as Mr. Reynolds. I shall be glad if you will allow me to correct the slip. Many readers, who were not aware that the introduction to the recent edition of Bewick reproductions was the work of so distinguished a contemporary engraver, may not have read my remark that it was as good as one would expect as the very high praise which I intended. LAWRENCE GOWING

Books in General

RE-READING Eugene O'Neill I am impressed by the weight of his influence.* How much his stage children take after him! His *Diff'rent* is Tennessee Williams to the life—but this is a 30-year-old play. His drummer in *The Iceman Cometh* runs strange rings round Arthur Miller's salesman. The other impression that sticks is of an oddly dream-like verbal continuity from the first volume to the eighth. A parody of Fitzgerald in one of the first plays gives us the title *Ah, Wilderness* of one of the last. Favourite turns of phrase—"It scared years off my growth" is one of them—recur like a composer's *motifs* and begin to seem like clues. We are watching a dramatist create his own style, and in doing so he has to create a language to be shared by a diversity of characters. His characters, like Shaw's, turn up from play to play, sometimes changing their names, sometimes not. For instance, Yank, the sailor, who dominates the early one-acters (*Moon of the Caribbees, Bound East for Cardiff* and *The Long Voyage Home*) comes to a melodramatic end in *The Hairy Ape*. Yank doesn't change his name in this quartet. One of these days I'd like to see a producer give us a suitably mammoth O'Neill evening by putting on all four in a row. Given a couple of slight continuity links, they would cohere wonderfully.

And Yank repays study. It is a significant weakness in O'Neill that in 32 plays there are so few memorable characters. Yank is the exception. Yank is the O'Neill man, and a portent. With all his true strength and his forcible feebleness, Yank is surely the first of the tough-guys. If I am right and O'Neill invented the type, he has a lot to answer for, not only in the theatre but at the bar of American and, indeed, of world literature. O'Neill is the dramatist of man reduced to the deadliest simplicity—atomic man. It needs no masterpiece of detection to discover that his characteristic story shape is what psychologists call a *fugue*: a flight—from what? In *The Hairy Ape*, as also in *The Emperor Jones*, it occurs in simple, classic form. The Emperor Jones always goes back: Yank always goes down. He tries to escape into this limbo and that—first into the limbo of technique (steam versus sail: Yank cries that he *belongs* to the machine age) but the devils are after him, he runs down through the limbo of sex, the limbo of class war, the limbo of the Wobblies (Industrial Workers of the World). To delay in any of these would be to get mixed up with other people, to be lost among the many; but one is one and all alone, and Yank's doom is simple—to die in atomic loneliness in the cage from which he has released the ape. The Id is in fugue and carries the rest of the personality compulsively into the spiral flight to death. And, come to think of it, wherever he crops up, from Hemingway to James Cain, this is the tough guy's downward path.

In *Anna Christie*, the next play chronologically, Yank has a name, Mat Burke, and an Irish voice, but for all practical purposes he is still Yank, Yank faced with sex. So we come to the next piece in the jigsaw: sex is damned. Anna has a past, "in a house . . . the kind sailors like you and Mat goes to in port." ("The old debbil sea" is mixed up in this version of original sin, too, but we will come back to this later.) Woman is the trap. The tough-guy dare not fall in love or he would split his atom, surrender his loneliness, escape from the fugue, lose himself. It is true that in the last act of the play this usual enough view of the human situation is given a story's end which might have the blessing of irony, though I don't think it is written ironically, nor have I seen it so played. Indeed, the usual gloss is that of Mr. Robert Morley's clever play title, *Goodness, How Sad*. Here is Anna, having confessed the worst; father and lover are free from their pet illusions: Yank—or Mat—cannot avoid his fate as a lover, but he has made the ex-whore swear fidelity on the crucifix—but that was before he remembered she's a Protestant! Can the oath stand, then, will it bear weight? Manifestly the play could end on the note, Goodness, how funny! Goodness, that's life! But I rather think O'Neill meant the opposite. Goodness, how sad! That's death.

Certainly the next time he met the situation—and it is interesting how his plots, like his characters and his language, evolve from play to play—there was no irony and little fun. In *Desire Under the Elms* (written a couple of years later in 1924) Abbie Putnam, like Anna Christie, has to find a means to prove her love. Her old farmer of a husband has had three sons by former wives. Abbie, his third wife, has had a child by the youngest son, Eben, which the old man fondly imagines to be his own. At the crisis Eben, the guilty son, discovers that the old man has promised to leave Abbie the farm provided she bears him a child. How can Abbie prove that her motive in child-bearing was not simple greed? Her way of proof is to smother the child. This contrivance of a plot for a re-statement of original sin is so ingenious it surely defeats itself. Or is this also an effect of the uncompromising gloom of his gospel? Nowhere in O'Neill are children seen as anything but a punishment. In *Strange Interlude* is another deceived father, and a child got by a doctor "as a biological experiment" to restore the confidence of a husband who has been tricked into thinking himself impotent. The experiment succeeds too well and spiritually destroys the experimenters. The plot is ingenious as ever but there is an over-intensity in the emotions which is itself a give-away.

In this play and more clearly in *Mourning Becomes Electra* we meet the tragedy of the tough-guy's childhood. The atom, as it turns out, is fissile from the beginning. It has a father and a mother. The tragedy of Orin (Orestes) is that he wanted to grow like his mother: but, alas, after dutifully murdering Aigisthos he became like the father he hated. Similarly Electra (Lavinia) was father's girl, and she, to her horror and everybody else's, turns like mother. Poor atom! It is compelled to grow.

O'Neill's publishers offer an implied judgment on the plays by printing on seven wrappers "by the author of *Mourning Becomes Electra*." On the wrapper of the volume itself they print "by the author of *The Iceman Cometh*." This is not a judgment I can share. *Mourning Becomes Electra* is bursting with ingenuity, it casts distinguished shadows but lacks substance. *The Iceman Cometh* is another kettle. It is the last of the effective plays and strangely rounds the story off. Its slow music is the funeral march of the tough-guy. The play has not been produced here (why?) but it has been read and discussed enough for its theme to be familiar. The scene is:

> the No Chance Saloon, it's Bedrock Bar. The Bottom of the Sea Rathskeller! Don't you notice the beautiful calm in the atmosphere? That's because it's the last harbour. No one here has to worry about where they're going next, because there is no farther they can go.

In this "saloon and rooming house" we find the Irish "Foolosopher" whose description I have just quoted, and a society of has-beens. These comfort their few sober moments with pipe dreams—dreams of regaining a lost career in the police force, in the circus, in the law, journalism, or the Anarchist Party. There are also three whores (strictly, they say, "only tarts" but this is *their* pipe dream), a pimp (strictly not a pimp, he says, because pimps don't work and he is the night barkeep), an English ex-officer who is plainly modelled on Colonel Chinstrap, a Boer ex-officer, a deaf proprietor of the saloon, and a stoolpigeon who sold his anarchist mother to the police (he thought she was too free in her morals) for the price of a whore. To these enters a drummer—a salesman—with the message: "Get rid of your pipe dreams and you shall gain a fresh start." Like the Stranger in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, he goes from one to the other, de-naturing the pipe dream. The result is that everyone is more depressed, the booze loses its kick, it turns out that the Salesman has murdered his wife (her love was *his* pipe dream), the police collect him, the stoolpigeon jumps off the fire escape, and the Foolosopher gazes into space for a slow curtain. My summary is unfair for this is certainly one of the most seductive of the plays. For the first time woman has become a solace and a delight even if she is, in the tough-guy language, a pig. The fumes of whisky and the strange light at the bottom of the sea, beyond good and evil, give the play both an atmosphere and a tongue. The tough-guy language which O'Neill did so much to create has flowered in its own epitaph. This is the only O'Neill play in which there is the feeling of a fully-articulated, not to say articulate, society.

In the long run I think it is the etiolation of the language which will eliminate all but the tough-guy and the peasant plays. In *Strange Interlude*, for instance, the people speak the language of characters in mediocre novels. The tough-guy language, if simple, is alive. Half the effect is got by using "d" for "th," and a few cant phrases are distilled into an essence. But this is a plus, not a minus, the trick is in the economy of means. To take an English parallel Mr. Graham Greene, in *Brighton Rock*, depends for his tough atmosphere very largely on the use

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* *The Emperor Jones, The Straw* and *Diff'rent*, 10s. 6d. *The Moon of the Caribbees*, seven one-act plays, 8s. 6d. *The Hairy Ape, Anna Christie* and *The First Man*, 8s. 6d. *All God's Chillun Got Wings, Desire Under the Elms* and *Welded*, 10s. 6d. *Strange Interlude*, 10s. 6d. *Mourning Becomes Electra*, 10s. 6d. *The Iceman Cometh*, 8s. 6d. *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, 10s. 6d. All published by *Cape*.

of three synonyms, *buer, polony* and *skirt,* for the word 'girl'. The atom has a small vocabulary and simple needs. I'm not sure that the shrewdest implied comment is not O'Neill's own, when he places the action of his *Toughadammerung—The Iceman Cometh*—in the year 1912. All this happened not in our time, it was in the time before.

Most of the experiences he writes from came to him very early—by the age of 24 Eugene O'Neill had been a university student, an actor in his father's touring company, a small-town journalist, a patient in a sanatorium, a salesman, a clerk in Buenos Aires, and three times a sailor. It was the last experience that made the deepest impression. Sometimes I wonder if his time at sea didn't scare "years off his growth." It certainly seems to condition everything he wrote for the next 45 years.

O'Neill brought ordinary life into the theatre, and it turned out to be full of bizarre fantasies: but that is what "ordinary life" is like.

> Between the conception
> And the creation
> Between the emotion
> And the response—

rises the fantasy. And therein, paradoxically, lies O'Neill's strength. All his ducks are wild. Yet O'Neill was no Ibsen. He had not Shaw's power to provoke thought. He strove after but could not reach Strindberg's intensity. But these are the names he invokes. Whatever else he was not, O'Neill was large. What we have to acknowledge finally is the scale and energy of his fantasy in the theatre.

MONTAGU SLATER

A WINTER TALENT

Lighting a spill, late in the afternoon,
I am that coal whose heat it may unfix;
Winter is come again, and none too soon
For meditation on its raft of sticks.

Some quick bright talents can dispense with coals
And burn their boats continually, command
An unreflecting brightness that unrolls
Out of whatever firings come to hand.

What though less sunny spirits never turn
The dry detritus of an August hill
To dangerous glory? Better still to burn
Upon the gloom where all have felt a chill.

DONALD DAVIE

THE WINTER OF PETER BREUGEL

Within the glacier, the heart beats slowly,
Snow cannot fall, the pheasant hangs
In frozen air;
The huntsmen and their whippets,
Lame with ice-packed paws, can go no further,
Smoke is ensnared above the rigid fire.

Breugel preserved his world in ice,
The paint froze and he cut the glacier,
Aligning the perspectives to allow
Free vision, a view of country,
Skaters on a lake and fields, sallow
Under a sky heavy with more snow.

He gave his creatures life
And then at will suspended it,
Locking their breath
In lucid winter, to survive the sun
That warms our curious time to death
And brings destruction to the sleeping mammoth.

PHILIP OAKES

A FRUSTRATED INTELLECTUAL

The Rebel. By ALBERT CAMUS. Translated by ANTHONY BOWER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

How difficult it is for the amateur to distinguish between original thought and pretentious writing, especially if the writing is pretentious enough. Sir Herbert Read, an authority in spheres of which I know nothing, introduces M. Camus as though his book were a new *Treatise on Civil Government* or a second *Social Contract.*

> With the publication of this book a cloud that has oppressed the European mind for more than a century begins to lift.... M. Camus has not delivered us by rhetoric, or by any of the arts of persuasion, but by the clarity of his intelligence. His book is a work of logic.

This is big talk, and certainly M. Camus talks big.

> New is born that strange joy which helps one live and die, and which we shall never again renounce to a later time. On the sorrowing earth it is the unresting thorn, the bitter food, the harsh wind off the sea, the ancient dawn forever renewed. With this joy, through long struggle, we shall remake the soul of our time, and a Europe which will exclude nothing.... All may indeed live again side by side, but on condition that they shall understand how they correct one another, and that a limit, under the sun, shall curb them all. Each tells the other that he is not God; this is the end of romanticism.

If this is logic and not rhetoric, I'll eat my hat!

The Rebel sets out to analyse the political philosophy of the Left since the fall of the Bastille. M. Camus's thesis is that the metaphysical revolution which replaced the laws of God by the laws of science or of history, and the political revolution which overthrew the absolutism of kings in the name of absolute liberty, have together produced the totalitarian State. Asking himself why the two great Revolutions, dedicated to the emancipation of the human race, both went astray, he finds the cause in their disregard for the ancient Aristotelian concept of moderation. The sin of Revolution is its arrogant belief in the perfectibility of man. By substituting the unlimited power of the people—or of the proletariat—for the unlimited power of the monarchy, the revolutionaries believed that they could make men like gods. Their *hubris* was their undoing. They themselves were devoured by the Revolution, and their fellow citizens enslaved. M. Camus sees that the democrat must recognise the relativity of political principles, the fallibility of man and the impossibility of establishing the Kingdom of God on earth. "In order to be a man," he observes, "one must refuse to be a god." In order to live in a free society, one must realise that freedom is never given to us once and for all—we must fight to uphold it unceasingly.

In developing this line of thought, M. Camus is following a well beaten track. He is not the first to observe either the dangers of the nineteenth-century belief in automatic progress or the totalitarianism implicit in the concept of the General Will, or yet the flaw in the belief that Revolution with a big R is always a good thing. All these discoveries were made some time ago, and it is difficult to understand why a cloud was lifted from Sir Herbert Read's mind only when M. Camus wrote about them. I suspect that the characteristics of *The Rebel* which have so captivated Sir Herbert are precisely those which cause me to describe it as pretentious. This is a book about politics, written by a distinguished man of letters. It is the heartfelt cry of the intellectual, for whom politics is neither a practical job nor a course of academic study, but a subject of agonised conversation. In the literary salons, M. Camus's views about St. Just and Nietzsche, his dashing generalisations and his rather woolly recommendations for reviving French liberty, may be impressive—as impressive as I like to feel that my views on Proust and T. S. Eliot sound to my colleagues when I air them in the Smoking Room of the House of Commons. Despite every effort, I still secretly take myself seriously as a man of taste, even though for twenty years the arts for me have been a pastime and not a vocation. If I were to publish a book on modern poetry or sculpture, I could hope that Michael Foot or Beverley Baxter would be foolish and kind enough to write a Foreword announcing that I had "lifted a cloud which had been oppressing their minds". But I suspect that, when Sir Herbert Read came to review it, he would judge my writing by the standards of his own expertise.

Judged by analogous standards, *The Rebel* fails to live up to its foreword. As a "work of logic," it is unworthy of serious consideration. M. Camus's account of Marxism, for instance, is competent but jejune, and, unless I have missed an odd sentence, contains no reference to the colonial problem, an omission all the more extraordinary on the part of a Frenchman writing in 1952. There are, of course, a number of penetrating remarks, but the book is full of such generalisations as:

> For the Christian, as for the Marxist, nature must be subdued. The Greeks are of the opinion that it is better to obey it.
>
> The real passion of the twentieth century is servitude.
>
> Utopias have almost always been coercive and authoritarian.
>
> Historic absolutism, despite its triumphs, has never ceased to come into collision with an irrepressible demand of human nature of which the Mediterranean, where intelligence is intimately related to the blinding light of the sun, guards the secret.

In fairness to M. Camus, I must add that the loose and emotional texture of his thinking has probably been exaggerated by his translator. To render this kind of book into English, one must not only understand French, but know something about the subject-matter. I doubt whether Mr. Bower has this qualification. When he talks about "units of agitators," I can guess that he means "cells." But when he tells us that "the symphonies of nature know no organ point," he has me beat. There is no very good reason why an Englishman should bother about a second-rate German philosopher called Scheler, to whose theory of *Ressentiment* M. Camus refers. But, if I remember that theory aright, the word cannot be translated as "resentment."

Despite these deficiencies, *The Rebel* has its interest for the English reader. As a psychological study of the state of mind of a sensitive, highly intelligent Frenchman, it is indeed a fascinating and not insignificant book. For M. Camus, nothing is quite real outside France except the Russian Revolution and the German menace; and nothing is quite real inside France except art and literature. The sense of claustrophobia one feels on entering M. Camus's cribbed and cultivated world is very discomfiting—he makes no reference to Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Swiss or North American ideas and institutions. He does not seem to be aware that the French Revolution was not the only fountain-head of modern democracy, and that John Locke, Jeremy Bentham and John Stuart Mill (not to mention his countryman De Tocqueville) had developed an empirical approach to the problems of a free society which anticipated by more than a hundred years his own horrified retreat from the absolutes. Who but a Frenchman could write:

> Kings were put to death long before January 1st, 1793, and before the regicides of the nineteenth century. But regicides of earlier times were interested in attacking the person, not the principle, of the king. They wanted another king and that was all.

So much for Cromwell and the American revolutionaries. M. Camus's attitude to the Labour Movement is equally parochial.

> During 150 years, except in the Paris of the Commune, which was the last refuge of rebel revolution, the proletariat has had no other historic mission but to be betrayed.

That puts the Scandinavian and the British Left in their proper place.

But even France, in M. Camus's mind, is a

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very confined place. He is so concerned with Revolution, Totality, Nihilism and all his other concepts that he scarcely mentions the practical problems of the Frenchman, be he bourgeois, worker or peasant, in this tragic post-war world. With his fellow intellectuals, he has discussed these concepts so long and so intensely that they have floated away from the realities they once described and gained a thin, ghostly existence of their own. "To be a Communist or to renounce Revolution, that is the question." But in neither case will our Parisian Hamlet do very much about it. For him a change of political faith means joining a different group of intellectuals and writing in a different paper.

Of course, I am unfair to M. Camus. After all, he is a man of letters, and why should anyone with his talents take practical politics seriously? So let me recommend *The Rebel* to those who are titillated by the delicious pessimism of intellectuals across the Channel, and who hold the belief that anyone who writes in French and quotes enough obscure German philosophers must be a real European with a message for the poor benighted British. Unlike Sir Herbert Read, I believe that one sphere of activity where we need feel no inferiority to our Gallic neighbours is in the theory and practise of democracy.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

On Sunday January 24 the Group Theatre will present *Homage to Dylan Thomas* at the Globe Theatre—a programme (sponsored by the *Sunday Times*) of tributes and of readings from Dylan Thomas's work, including *Under Milk Wood*, the new play which will be broadcast shortly. Edith Evans, Emlyn Williams, Richard Burton and Hugh Griffith will read, and Hedli Anderson will sing three poems set to music by Elisabeth Lutyens. All proceeds will go to the Dylan Thomas Memorial Fund: tickets, from 5*s.* to £5, from the Group Theatre, 5 Goodwin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

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THE HUNGRY SHEEP LOOK UP

Better Schools Now! By PEGGY JAY. *Turnstile Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Your Children's Future. By MAX MORRIS. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 5*s.*

Schools Aren't What They Were. By CARLETON WASHBURNE. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Deprived and the Privileged. By B. M. SPINLEY. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Education and Society. By A. K. C. OTTAWAY. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Two *obiter dicta* of H. G. Wells stick in the mind from school days. "Education is the heart of the whole business" and "Men's minds differ more about initial things than they do about final things." Both are exemplified in Mrs. Jay's temperate and well-written booklet. To her task she brings practical understanding of children, a nice sense of humour, a sweet reasonableness, and an awareness that, as Disraeli's two nations cannot be destroyed overnight, the nation is meanwhile more important than either party. When she has to, she makes a party point fairly but the general theme of her well-arranged material is expressed in such a phrase as "the stark fact remains that the nation's schools have never had a square deal." She writes with calm good sense about the 11+ examination, and does not use its grossly exaggerated horrors as an argument for comprehensive schools. At times she seems a modern Mistress Page interrogating William's teacher: "My husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book." The advice given to the parent seeking a private preparatory school is as wise as that to parents whose children are going to the State primary school. Parents will find this friendly book invaluable.

If Mrs. Jay talks, Mr. Morris shouts. Where she is for reform, he is for revolution. His conviction that a conscious capitalist conspiracy has always existed to deny education to children befuddles his handling of history—he should learn from Mr. Ottaway. For him all children are equally capable of a grammar school education of which they are only deprived by the fact that "capitalist society demands only a small number of highly educated people." Unresponsive piglets become enlightened angels when moved from sty to palace. Where Mrs. Jay complains that Government expenditure on education since 1910 has risen only twofold to the Health Service's rise of fifteenfold, he compares the 9.3 per cent. of the national income which goes on education to the 38 per cent. on the National Services. Where she seems to remember Pitt's warning that the prudent man does not repair his house in the hurricane season, he is all for pulling down the house. She talks of the modern school as "one of the most exciting educational adventures," but he complains that "conditions of mass instruction are such that habits of obedience and submission to authority may be expected to result." Mrs. Jay writes with judicious eloquence about the public schools and is only concerned with their accessibility to those best able to profit from their excellence, but Mr. Morris only admits that "their accommodation, amenities and equipment would be valuable assets . . . As for the 'spirit' of the Public Schools, democracy can have no truck with it." There is a distasteful, inhuman ruthlessness about his book, which abounds in clichés and is devoid of style. It demonstrates the disservice done when education is made a class and party issue. Though avowedly Communist propaganda, it is addressed to the Labour Party. Caliban kept bad company but he determined to "be wise hereafter and seek for grace." Mr. Morris's book seems to suggest that he lacks the necessary humility to do likewise.

Schools Aren't What They Were, a cosy, naive and rather superficial book about progressive education in the U.S.A., seems a little old-fashioned. Just as much that was best in the public schools passed naturally into the grammar schools, so a great deal of the thought and practice of progressive education has found acceptance, anyway on this side of the Atlantic, in what are styled traditional schools. The emphasis may be different but the end is the same. Even diehard teachers "try to give children a sense of at-homeness in their classrooms," and recognise that security is needed by the young. Furthermore Mr. Washburne seems to be defending the stable door of a horse whose price is falling. A nation-wide questioning about the values of progressive education is going on in America, and when he condemns homework because it impedes "experience," Mr. Washburne does little to allay that misgiving. When he claims that the "outcries against progressiveness in education are in process of dissolution," does he not ignore the protest against this retreat from learning and the refusal in State Schools in America to master the uncongenial, expressed in such books as *Quakery in the Public Schools* and *Educational Wastelands*? This book's title contains a warning as well as a claim.

The two new volumes in the "International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction" are of unequal merit. Miss Spinley came from New Zealand and lived for a year in a slum, to discover the differences between those English unfortunates and a group educated in public schools. Unfortunately her selected slum was inhabited by first-generation Irish immigrants who were in no way typical of English slum dwellers as a whole. It is difficult to see the value for a comparison with any *English* group on a different level. For her conclusions about public school types she depended upon the answers given by forty-two representatives to an "Experience Variables Record" designed by an American for use among American college students. Though Miss Spinley was devoted and dedicated, her deductions from sketchy evidence lack validity.

"In the hour of the Blue Bird and the Bristol Bomber, his thoughts are appropriate to the years of the Penny Farthing"—Auden's words spring to the mind when reading Mr. Ottaway's sane, sensible and scholarly investigation of education's response to social change. In a brilliant passage of speculation about man's complete conquest of materials, he examines the dangers of the new leisure and scrutinises contemporary education for 1975 and after. In short, stabbing sentences, he utters no comfortable words. "In fact there is little demand for general culture." "The Grammar Schools will have to adapt or perish." "The educational system reflects the social system and we need more of a comprehensive society before we have a comprehensive school." If he warns the egalitarians of the criminal lunacy of underestimating the over-riding importance of the needs of specially gifted children, he would agree with Mrs. Jay that once parents become vocal and vigilant they can get for the children the schools they desire and deserve. These two books are both timely and valuable.

JOHN GARRETT

A GLUT OF SENSATION

Hatred, Ridicule or Contempt. By JOSEPH DEAN. *Constable.* 15*s.*

"I am," said Mr. Noel Pemberton Billing, M.P., at the close of a large-scale libel action in 1918, in which he had successfully defended himself, "a libeller. I have libelled public men for the last two and a half years. I have libelled them in the columns of the press; I have libelled them on public platforms; I have libelled them in the House of Commons." A splendid statement, and one which might have served Mr. Dean as legend for his anthology.

Once begun, this is a difficult book to set down; it is immensely entertaining. Here, collected from the records of the last century, are a number of libel actions, freed from their technicalities and *longueurs*, and skilfully got up to satisfy that vast, shameful curiosity of the general public about goings-on in the courts of law. Each has a background introduction, a specimen of the cross-examination, and a simple explanation of the legal

point in the decision. The subjects are sensational. There is Horatio Bottomley's last case—"March, 1932. The amazing old rogue was now seventy-two. It was five years since he came out of prison, and in that time . . ." There is the story of how Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was sued for suggesting in a film that Princess Youssoupoff had been raped by Rasputin; and another of how Winston Churchill was accused of manipulating the Battle of Jutland communiqués so that Sir Ernest Cassel could make a fortune on the New York stock exchange. This last becomes almost too exciting when it turns out that Lord Alfred Douglas is the accuser. A glut of sensation.

Most of the cases are modern, but there are some from the nineteenth century that have a special flavour. There is, for instance, the case of *Belt v. Lawes*, which we are given in preference to the too well-known *Whistler v. Ruskin*. Belt was a Victorian sculptor, very fashionable, very successful, very bad, who was accused of employing a "ghost" to do his work, and brought an action in 1882 to clear his name. It was a remarkable case, one of those extravaganzas on the theme of Art and Law which this period did rather better than any other. It was extremely long and expensive. One hundred and forty three witnesses were called, and the judge's summing up alone occupied four days. The whole of Belt's professional career was passed in review; the court was littered with examples of his craft; he himself, confined in a small room off the court, worked under surveillance on a specimen bust to prove his integrity; and the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Laurence Alma Tadema, came down in strength to testify against him. The libel action is always a creature of its time, and there is something strangely appropriate, not only in the subject, but in the solemnity, the grandeur of this late-Victorian litigation.

Mr. Dean describes it well, with a reporter's flair, concisely and vividly. There is even room for some legal instruction by the way. But it is so vivid, so bizarre that it may seem misleading. Among so many front-page stories we may wonder sometimes if this is quite the English law we know; is this its style and spirit; or are its remote virtues to be conveyed through such figures as Horatio Bottomley, or Aleister Crowley, the only man to stage a performance of the Eleusinian Mysteries in the Caxton Hall? And then, of course, we realise that we are thinking about two different things. There is the Law as it is; and there is the Layman's Law, or the Law as the Press would have it. The second is so much more gorgeous that it is ungrateful to complain. And it is of course to the second that *Hatred, Ridicule or Contempt* belongs, to that world of splendid, improbable melodrama, of master advocates and monstrous allegations, where judges leave their court rooms white-lipped, and Russian princesses defend their honour with the aid of the most expensive counsel: where all the charges are foul, and all the cross-examinations remorseless, and all the briefs are marked a thousand guineas.

PERCY CRADOCK

ROUND INDIA AND PAKISTAN

Horned Moon. By IAN STEPHENS. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

The Hidden Land. By URSULA GRAHAM BOWER. *Murray.* 18*s.*

Round About India. By JOHN SEYMOUR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

Those of us who have watched the unfolding of the Himalayan panorama from the co-pilot's seat of a Dakota will read and re-read *Horned Moon* with nostalgic pleasure. The author—Ian Stephens—set out in 1951 to cross the Kashmir cease-fire line to Srinagar and back, to visit the North of Gilgit and Afghanistan. These journeys—and he made them all—took him through and over scenery which Eric Shipton describes as "the ultimate manifestation of mountain grandeur." Ian Stephens had every advantage; intimacy with the country which had absorbed him for more than twenty years, part of them as Editor of *The Statesman* of Calcutta; an untamed passion for mountains whether bumping over the "snow-draped knees" of Nanga Parbat with an ex-Battle of Britain Polish pilot or slithering round bends in the dry rock-face of mountains in Gilgit, "scared anew by the enormous vertical drops." And a camera! The result is a travel book distinguished both for its pictorial writing and its photographs in monochrome and colour. The sensuous virility of Pakistan's young men is beautifully communicated, but although so many young Pakistan women have freed themselves from purdah, their explosive loveliness seems not to have caught the cameraman's eye.

But *Horned Moon* is not merely a travel book by a writer who feels at home only on Asian soil; it is autobiography, an attempt to vindicate the positi onhe took when, as editor of the only British-owned paper in India, he decided to criticise Indian policy in Kashmir, and, why, in 1951, he decided to resign. These personal flashbacks reveal how his emotional commitments to Muslim friends obscured convictions and overshadowed any critical appreciation of contemporary events of tremendous historical significance. Partition seemed to him a personal bereavement. That he has still failed to accept the facts of life in Pakistan and in India is illustrated by his fantastic suggestion of the word "Delkaria" to describe the Indian sub-continent. (Del for Delhi, Kar for Karachi—three letters "each for luck, and a couple more for fun.")

Unlike *Horned Moon*, Ursula Graham Bower's *The Hidden Land* is not blemished by any efforts to justify a political past. She was as much moved by the landscape and the peoples of Assam as Ian Stephens was attracted by the North-West Frontier and the Pakistanis. When Ursula Bower returned to England (her husband's work as a Political Officer in Assam having ended with Indian independence) she was disorientated, "cast out of Eden," "cocooned and bundled in wretchedness," vainly longing to return to an isolated valley, long and low and fertile, watered by the Brahmaputra. It is not difficult to appreciate her nostalgia; readers of her earlier *Naga Path* will remember how, as a young woman of twenty-three, she met a group of Nagas, "tall, solid, muscular, Mongolian," black-kilted, with "plaids edged with vivid colours on their coppery shoulders" and how she sensed "a sudden surge of recognition." This was in 1937. From that time she developed an absorbing, even maternal, and, as she believed, life interest in the Nagas who live in the far-off North Eastern frontiers of India and Burma. At the end of the war she took part in an expedition—and a very important part—which aimed at setting up an outpost where the King's writ had not hitherto been imposed. She was not only a tough and courageous member of a party of porters, servants, excited dogs and Assam Rifles sepoys stretching for a mile through the Naga country; she had lived for seven years in a Naga community and her knowledge of their customs and different stages of development helped to solve many problems of personal relations with the Dafla-Miris and the Apa Tanis of the Assam hills. But the Union Jack which was hoisted at the end of six months of dangerous travel, vividly described in *The Hidden Land*, came down only a few months later when India became independent. To Miss Bower it seemed a bitter experience. To the tribal peoples of India, of whom the Nagas are but one, it was the beginning of a different epoch.

John Seymour has a much more unconventional approach towards travel and although *Round About India* is less well written it is a more interesting story. Drifting around the country, mainly in South India, he lived the Indian way of life, accepting a variety of invitations to stay in Indian homes where he shared cultural and social interests and learned the tempo of village life. His tastes were catholic and he easily made personal contacts. Indians are friendly people,

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and John Seymour soon found that whereas two Englishmen travelling together from London to Aberdeen might venture the remark "Wet again, eh?" as the train pulled out of Macclesfield, two Indians in the same circumstances would have asked—and received replies before they left Euston—"about each other's jobs, states of matrimony or otherwise, numbers, sexes and ages of any legitimate issue, monthly salary, and whether or not they are receiving travelling allowances."

Round About India introduces us to an unusual cross-section of Indians; we know the kind of houses they live in, their family relationships, and we can listen to their unscripted conversations on astrologers (glorified, elaborate Old Moores but enormously popular); on untouchability (illegal but unhappily still widespread); on caste (still the deepest psychological problem); on contractors (their lobbies in Provincial and Central Governments are a major stranglehold on the Public Works Departments); on women (beauty, education and role of), and, naturally on God and Hinduism. Much of it was confused, but it was all lively and it reflected the transition through which India is passing.

In contrast with itinerant reporters who pounce, like flycatchers, on continents to pick out sensational features, John Seymour watched the social revolution which is slowly but genuinely taking place; the Ashok Vihar, started in Madras after the war, along the lines of the Peckham Health Centre; the Grama Seva Sangham (Sanskrit for Village Service Society) which trains village midwives, digs wells, buys stud bulls, makes new refuse pits and generally helps to raise the standard of Indian villages. He visited many official Community Projects.

Among the hundreds of people we meet in *Round About India* one of the most moving is Setpal, a Punjabi who killed seventeen Muslims with a spear in revenge for the slaughter of a trainload of Hindu refugees. "Are you glad you did it?" the author asked. Setpal replied: "I lie awake at nights regretting it. I will regret it until I die. . . . The thing that is shocking to me . . . is that our religion should have turned us into brutes." If John Seymour would now stroll around Pakistan I think he would find a similar feeling among young Muslims; in any case, he makes a good guide, unentangled by emotional prejudices or nostalgia.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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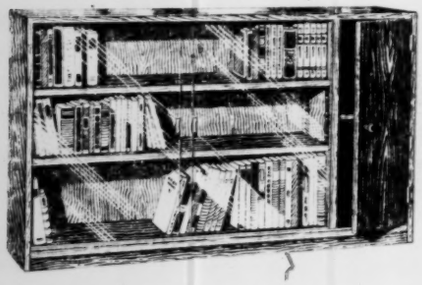

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A SOLDIER WITHOUT POLITICS

The Memoirs of Field-Marshal Kesselring. *William Kimber.* 25*s.*

Field-Marshal Kesselring rose higher than any other German airman—except of course Goering. He was Commander-in-Chief South from 1941 to 1943, then supreme commander in Italy; and he ended up as Commander-in-Chief of the West, just in time to arrange unconditional surrender. He steered clear of every political conflict. He knew the conspirators of July 20, but took no part in the conspiracy. He stood up to Hitler, yet kept his favour. He spared the cultural monuments of Italy and, according to his own account, was always on the best of terms with the Italians. Though he helped to build a great German air-force, he never wanted war. He regretted the Czech provocations in 1938 and the Polish provocations in 1939. He would have preferred to keep his aeroplanes for show. In fact, the dear fellow has not an enemy in the world.

The photographs in the book tell the same story. Kesselring smiled when he was with Hitler; smiled when he was with Mussolini. He smiled as the German aircraft took off for the Battle of Britain. He even smiled after he had been sentenced to death for war-crimes. Now, as he looks over his unblemished record, he must be smiling a great deal. He would smile if he fought on the side of the Americans or on the side of the Russians or, for that matter, if he fought against both of them. There could not be a more innocent soldier, always ready to do his duty, never questioning his political superiors.

The reader will not smile much. Kesselring steers clear of politics in his book as he did in life. He sticks carefully to a military narrative, even duller than most. All defeated generals like to explain that they would have won, if things had been a little different. Even Napoleon did this, and Kesselring is no exception to the rule. His defeats are always the result of interference by Hitler or failure by the Italians. When these run dry, there is always the unexpected accident. The Battle of Britain was not lost; it was only broken off. North Africa could have been held, if it had not been for Rommel's mistakes. The allies would have been thrown out of Italy, if Hitler had left him alone. Even the western front would have been kept up in April 1945, if the generals had followed his strategy earlier. It never occurs to him that it was perhaps the duty of a patriotic German to end the war when defeat was inevitable. In fact it never occurs to him that a general has any responsibility for the orders which he carries out. Kesselring's release from prison was no doubt an act of sensible clemency. But it would have been a kindness to others if it had been a condition of release that he should not write his memoirs.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

CHINESE CHILDHOOD

Ancient Melodies. By SU HUA. *Hogarth.* 15*s.*

I wonder what can be effected by the sponsoring of a new book, beyond a slight preliminary irritation. Its quality is not enhanced, nor, I should think, its popularity increased; nor can the guided reader even avenge himself by turning nasty. For whom or what is he to take it out on? Not on the sponsor—in this case Vita Sackville-West—who has transparently meant well; nor on the book, unless by cutting it. And to avoid all newcomers with introductions would be doctrinaire: this time egregiously so, because one can't pretend not to be drawn. This newcomer is "Little Tenth," whose father was a Mayor of old Peking, and whose first memory is of a street scene—herself perched on the shoulder of a mayoral bodyguard, kind Ma Tao running for a place, and the young Red-Coat Man proudly and loudly singing, to the mob's applause. The small girl took him for an actor; but he was going to have his head cut off. Which is a classic opening indeed: and a decided score for Dr. Johnson, who thought it a point of charity to the condemned that executions should be public. As for their brutalising influence—the child took fright, but Ma Tao revelled in the drama, warmly admired the sufferer, and was, says Mrs. Chen, "the most charming person I knew in my early childhood."

So we may be wrong on that; if hangings do occur, it seems they ought not to be huddled up. But on the other hand, we seem to have the right view of polygamy. What its exponents usually maintain is that the wives like it of all things. This would require strong evidence; and in the family of Little Tenth—though there were only four Mothers at once, each with her private court and her own servants—no Blakelike harmony prevailed. When Third and Sixth Mother fell out, there was not even decency. Both had begun as prostitutes, and in the intervals of an unholy league they used to butt and claw each other, shrieking unmentionable home-truths. Third Mother had a young man in her bed; Sixth was supporting a "wild child." Yet these two ruled the roost, till in the end Sixth Mother, with her horse face and genius for intrigue, and her increasing sway over Old Man, goaded her senior into walking out. Meanwhile the quiet and faithful ones were broken-hearted, and Fifth, being childless, fled to a nunnery. Old Man, as lord and master, had the privilege of unconcern; he could endure the set-up by ignoring it.

But this is not a study of the household—which is revealed to us by glimpses, only half explained, just as it then was to the little girl. If it had pride of place, the title *Ancient Melodies* would be ironic. But in reality there is no focal theme, only a flitting, patchwork evocation of delight and beauty. For although Little Tenth was a superfluous, neglected child, she had a wonderfully happy time. And this was largely due to the tradition that despised her sex and made her mother wretched; for it was also truly graceful and urbane, valuing beauty and a delicate awareness as the crown of life. None of the child's dramatic memories can equal the description of her waking on a winter's day, rejoicing in the gale outside, watching the light change in her paper window, gazing at the Forbidden City and the western hills, and—as a natural conclusion—starting to draw on a white wall. Father had scarcely noticed her before; but when her talent for painting was discovered, she became his favourite.

K. JOHN

NEW NOVELS

The Blossoming Tree. By BETTY ASKWITH. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Death of Kings. By CHARLES WERTENBAKER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The General's Summer House. By ANTHONY RHODES. *Arthur Barker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

As the art of fiction diminishes—and whether the symptoms imply a temporary or a permanent decline, there can, surely, be no doubt that it is diminishing—the various methods of approach open to the novelist become more and more disparate and clear-cut. They also become more obvious. Mr. Wertenbaker is up to the hilt in the political present, more deeply engaged than M. Sartre has ever dreamed of being. Miss Askwith takes a shameless header into that pool of class memory that Mr. Stephen Potter has rightly called "Ah the Past!" Mr. Rhodes dodges the issue by contracting out of the novel entirely and giving us an admirable diversion instead.

Though their books have nothing else in common, both Miss Askwith and Mr. Wertenbaker lack the same quality—discretion. It is a quality that much modern fiction seems to do without. Bluntly speaking, the art of discretion in the novel is the art of leaving unnecessary things unsaid. It is as simple as that, yet its practitioners can almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The Anglo-Saxon novel has grown a tape-worm in the last twenty-five years. One longs to see the fat—atmosphere, digression, false emotional analysis—sliced off the average specimen until it attains the *svelte* Brummelish waistline of *Cakes and Ale* (pp. 160), *The Rock Pool* (pp. 178), *Living* (pp. 269) or *Afternoon Men* (pp. 221).

Mr. Wertenbaker's saga runs into 440 closely printed pages. Granted his theme is global and therefore, since he is no Malraux, disorganised, I should have thought such an able journalist could have used his blue pencil more stringently. But Mr. Wertenbaker is an old *Life-Time* hand, and in this novel he has succumbed to the plethora of magazine journalism. He has written a clever, wisecracking, nervous, interminable book about an imaginary Hiss-Chambers situation in his own line of work. "We're creatures of our decades," cries Louis Baron, the magazine tycoon, explaining his ten-year swing from New Deal to McCarthyism. His creator underlines the remark a hundred pages farther on:

> For a while, to satisfy a creative need, he had surrounded himself with varying types of youthful, hopeful, altruistic men. Now, by the nature of the power they had helped him to create, he was increasingly surrounded by men no longer so young, whose hopes were centred on themselves.

A hundred pages later he is still telling us that while Berkeley, his liberal hero,

> still had faith in Louis as a man who wanted to do a "big, good thing," he saw his altruistic motives becoming subservient to the exercise of power and the drive for more power.

This is the kind of indiscretion that the good newspaper sub-editor exists to eliminate. Mr. Wertenbaker's book is at times engrossing, but never engrossing for a sufficient stretch. His doomed liberals, whether they are enduring the London Blitz, entering Paris with General Le clerc, or blenching beneath the Senator's gavel, move in a dreary round of Scotch, bed and dexadrine. The Comet only makes the wheels turn faster. One is reminded of Matthew Arnold's rejection of the Camberwell-to-Islington Railway on the grounds that it merely took the English from "a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell." His honourable motives excepted, Mr. Wertenbaker's book only proves that the rat-ta-tat of the war correspondent's portable has its *longueurs* as much as any other branch of literature.

Miss Askwith's indiscretions are of quite a different order. Her book begins as a kind of Victorian valentine. "In 1887," she writes, "the gulf between the daughter of an impoverished county baronet and an Irish veterinary surgeon yawned very wide indeed." Thinking himself in for a stereotyped period elopement, the reader is happily surprised to find that this is only the first phase of a sentimental education that extends roughly from the Golden Jubilee to Mr. Lloyd George's first Budget. Miss Askwith isn't one to rush things. She has a nice sense of the amount of time a properly brought up gel once required before she could thaw. "Oh goodness!" cries Cathy, aged seventeen, when the young vet gives her a kiss. All is wild confusion, their hearts beat together like "the throb of a mill-race." And it's a long, long time before she leans back in the arms of the handsome French anarchist and murmurs: "I never knew men were so smooth!" If the stretch of English history that lies between these reactions seems longer than it should, this is largely because Miss Askwith has sandwiched so much of it between the covers of her book. Her pages are white with historical signposts: "Peel . . . broke the whole party up" . . . "It's a blessing we've got that old charlatan Gladstone out at last" . . . "Dining at Marlborough House, I suppose . . . they never have anyone there but Jews nowadays." A great lady remembers Lady Caroline Lamb, the anarchist expounds the Taff Vale judgment. Catherine and her lover can't even spend an illicit six weeks in Paris without a folksy meeting with Anatole France and Mme de Caillavet on the Pont des Arts:

> "Ah yes, we must go. *Au revoir*, André give Jaurés every kind of message from me when he comes back to Paris . . . *Mes hommages*, Madame." He bowed to Catherine and she felt a sudden sharp, unaccustomed sensation. She turned a face of pure astonishment to André when they were left alone on the bridge.
>
> "My goodness!" she said. "Do you know I believe he pinched me!"

Yet Miss Askwith is a delightfully congenial writer. She has wit and intelligence, her sentences are shapely and well-turned, she has her own quiet sense of irony:

> Even thus securing herself to herself Rose had a sense of guilt; for one does not fight, even for the best motives, against one's own generation, if one can help it. Loyalty is a virtue among the young. The idea of doing the best for people even if that best is something they don't want, generally comes later. But Rose had a very mature mind.

If *The Blossoming Tree* is a matinée novel, we can be sure that nobody realises this better than Miss Askwith herself. For the quality that shines through this book is intelligence—a lazy intelligence, content to take each nuance of English period comedy on its own tuppence-coloured terms. Though Miss Askwith's story never enthralled this reviewer, it certainly enchanted him. And at least she awakens her readers to life. After reading her charming account of a love scene in Westminster Abbey, I had no immediate desire to follow Cathy and André out of the West Door and into the future. But I did have a sudden wish to revisit Westminster Abbey, and at that point I laid down the book and took a bus. This may not be the highest state of exhilaration that a novelist can arouse in a reader, but it is sufficiently rare to constitute a testimonial.

The setting of Mr. Rhodes's amusing *sotie* is pre-War Cambridge. Corinthian bloods, a retired military man, a ruthless careerist and an eccentric Combination Room made up of fragments of Oscar Browning, ring the changes on a witty central situation. This is farce on a sustained high-brow level. Mr. Rhodes has a Farjeonish wit and the curiosity of a Heath Robinson. He is equally at home with the sonnets of Petrarch and the intricacies of electrical engineering. I wish now that he would turn for a short time from fiction and write us a first-class revue instead.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Augustus Hervey's Journal. Edited by DAVID ERSKINE. *William Kimber*. 25*s*.

Augustus Hervey, whose journal for the period 1746-1759 Mr. Erskine has discovered among the family archives at Ickworth, was the sailor son of the first Lord Hervey, best known perhaps to posterity as Pope's Sporus. Whatever his father may have been, Augustus Hervey was no "mere white curd of ass's milk" but a thoroughly heterosexual man of action, as these memoirs plainly reveal. During the fourteen years of his career as a naval officer herein described, when he was not chasing after prize money afloat, he was chasing women ashore: when he was not fighting the French, he was seducing them. He even had a pleasant habit of shipping a girl aboard his man-of-war in time of peace and taking her for a cruise round the Mediterranean. At the sea battle of 1756 off Port Mahon, in which the British were outmatched by the French, Augustus Hervey commanded a frigate and was able to observe the course of the action all the better for not being closely engaged himself. From Hervey's narrative it is clear that after the battle none of Admiral Byng's subordinates criticised his conduct until they learnt of the outburst of popular fury at home over the loss of Minorca. At the subsequent court martial Hervey, in contrast to almost all the rest, remained loyal to his chief, and did his utmost to prevent the unfortunate Admiral's shameful execution. This is the only

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incident in the memoirs that reflects credit on Hervey—the solitary occasion when he was actuated by any nobler motive than vanity, self-interest and self-indulgence.

Mr. Erskine calls Hervey the English Casanova. Some squeamish scissors have been at work on the MS. in the past, but enough indecency has escaped them to justify the editor's comparison. Both sensualists had no sense of shame and a great desire to boast; but Hervey had little literary gift and no sense of humour. For contrast one can consult Boswell's *London Journal*, written a few years later. Boswell was swimming in the same world as Hervey at a lower social level: Hervey's amours were those of an aristocrat, Boswell's the shabbier ones of a bourgeois. The book is extremely well annotated and edited, and will be a valuable addition to the library of eighteenth-century memoirs.

The Incredible Mizners. By ALVA JOHNSTON. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

During the San Francisco earthquake Mama Mizner commandeered a passing fire-engine and ordered it to drive her to a place of safety. Her two sons, understandably, grew up into Characters: Addison, the elder, became the Kubla Khan of Palm Beach and made a fortune out of meat-packers who thirsted after architecture; Wilson, the younger, blazed a distinguished trail from Klondike to Florida as a conversationalist and con-man. Huge, misshapen and boisterously inhumane, the Mizners treated sourdoughs and millionaires with the same large contempt, amassing fortunes in the process. Their rallying-cry, like that of Texas Guinan, was "Hello, suckers!" and their natural playground the boom-time Florida of the Twenties where the very rich, gulled by false prospectuses of unreal estate, rushed like Gadarene swine to have their throats cut by the happy brothers.

Addison specialised in Spanish castles in which Midwestern matrons could play the Isabella. Latin American cathedrals were denuded of their tiles, Italian picture-fakers were commissioned to paint flaking murals, and workmen tramped up and down the stairs in hobnailed boots to simulate the wear and tear of Crusaders' spurs. The suckers were ecstatic, even when Addison was careless about the blue-prints. The Rasmussens, a family of grocers, found out just in time that Addison had forgotten to build them a staircase. He remedied this handsomely with an outside one, camouflaged with gold filigree "to protect the Rasmussens," he explained, "from Saracenic arrows." Wilson stuck to rich women, opium and a continuous production of wisecracks, many of which have lost their sting in the last 30 years by being attributed to practically everyone else. Sporadically he dabbled in playwriting, and was working on the scenario of a film called "Merry Wives of Reno" when he received word that Addison was dying. He wired: "Stop dying. Am trying to write a comedy." A few months later he was dead, too, after coming out of a coma for long enough to remark to an attendant priest, "Why should I talk to you? I've just been talking to your boss."

The Taxation of Gifts and Settlements. By G. S. A. WHEATCROFT. *Pitman.* 42*s.*

The endless struggle between the Commissioners of Inland Revenue and the taxpayer is sustained to a large extent by section 46 of the Finance Act, 1940. An exasperated Law Lord recently said that it was "couched in terms so tortuous and obscure that I am tempted to reject them as meaningless." A similar exasperation must agitate the shades of departed taxpayers who, having in life thought to defeat the estate and other death duties by unskilfully giving away much capital and income, have then impotently watched the revenue man collecting all the taxes and duties they had sought to avoid, plus heavy stamp duties they had never thought of.

Welcome, therefore, to Mr. Wheatcroft, a Chancery Master of the Supreme Court, who offers himself as jungle guide to the non-specialist professional adviser. His book is a remarkable feat of compression and up-to-dateness, and it is no disgrace to him if, in his desire to help lawyer and layman alike, he has failed to achieve the impossible. The first half of his book discusses stamp duties, income tax, surtax and death duties as such, and the second deals with these imposts in relation to gifts and settlements. Elementary as much of this may be for lawyers, it is written with admirable clarity and is of obvious value to accountants and all other professional advisers. The second part may interest lawyers only, but the last chapter consists of a penetrating and ingenious discussion of future trends in taxation law, seen technically rather than politically—an unusual feature in a practical law book, and one that should at all costs be kept out of the hands of future Chancellors of the Exchequer

Selected Letters of Pope Innocent III. Edited by C. R. CHENEY and W. H. SEMPLE. *Nelson.* 30*s.*

Modern history is the chief enemy of medieval history. The Reformation and the French Revolution dispersed and destroyed so many documents that the present-day medievalist can approach his subject only after painstaking preliminary hackwork which too often becomes an end in itself. Any sound edition of documents, therefore, is welcome in a field already overcrowded with Notes Toward the Definition of a History; and students will rejoice that Messrs. Nelson's admirable "Medieval Texts" series now includes a selection of Innocent III's letters "concerning England" worthy of comparison with the "Imperial" selections made by Kempf and Holtzmann.

For the study of Anglo-Papal relations, these letters are as their editors remark "the most copious and most trustworthy single source that we have." In subtle and tireless diplomacy, in elaborate legal inquiries and decisions, the Church's administration can be seen at work. It is seldom as yet effective on the remote and restricted stage of English affairs, and the full Papal programme has still to be enunciated: but already, in the repeated call for the Holy War, in the condemnation of Magna Carta, and in the careful blend of feudal and spiritual titles to supremacy, the *plenitudo potestatis* of the later thirteenth century is beginning to emerge. Several of the key topics of Innocent's pontificate are inevitably missing from his English correspondence, and others are almost totally excluded by a selection of only eighty-seven letters: but within these limits the present edition and translation, and its cautious and informative introduction, are a model for contributors to this series.

Some readers will regret, however, that the edition is neither self-contained, like its predecessors, nor comprehensive, like the promised three volumes of John of Salisbury's correspondence. In the face of some six thousand documents, not all of them surviving, it would be unreasonable to ask for completeness; but fragmentary national selections confirm rather than counter the parochial concerns of many English medievalists. "So far," writes Professor Cheney, "no comprehensive or critical edition of Innocent III's letters has been attempted." This is a little unjust to the aims if not the achievement of Etienne Baluze, who can hardly be blamed for the handicaps under which he worked in 1682. It is unfortunate that modern conditions of scholarship and publishing—however farsighted and altruistic—should make the grand scale of seventeenth-century editing almost unattainable today.

Robert Hale's County books now include Maurice Lindsay's *Lowlands of Scotland* and Wilfred D. Hooke's *Channel Islands*; their Regional books, Alan Bloom's *The Fens* and Walter J. C. Murray's *Romney Marsh* (all at 18*s.* each).

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,247

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the best opening paragraph of an autobiography entitled *The Confessions of a Bounder*. Limit 150 words. Entries by January 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,244

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Mr. Somerset Maugham will be 80 this month. Competitors are invited to celebrate the occasion by a comment on his work as from any character he has created.

Report by Peter Pastmaster

A sitter for the mimic, the extemporiser, the star of the Christmas charade. Stage Cockney, porty club talk, the East-of-Suez rasp edged with a touch of the sun—most Maugham fans tended to find the voice they preferred and then tag it with a label from the master's *dramatis personae*. "Since you arst me wot I think of Mr. Maugham well I dunno reely," declared Mildred (*Of Human Bondage*: D. R. Peddy). There was a good deal of this sort of thing. Elaine Morgan's Colonel—"I see that Maugham chap's eighty today"—was typical of the other approach. Guy Kendall achieved a neat variation on Far Eastern Maugham by putting his comment into the mouth of "one of the many district magistrates in Malaya" described in the short stories:

> I have not investigated the murder of any planter by his wife or mistress . . . but there *are* times when I could gladly stick a kriss in the back of one of those drunken Englishmen. They are exactly as S.M. has described them—narrow, intellectual, players of mediocre tennis . . .

After some hesitation I decided to award two guineas each to the first three entries printed below, a guinea to H. A. C. Evans and a consolation prize of half a guinea to Guy Kendall.

ALROY KEAR (*Cakes and Ale*)

Dear Willie! It was thirty years ago, I remember, and at the Chattanooga Ladies'-Literary Soirée, that I first lectured on his *œuvre*. And no one, I might justly claim, has voiced before or since a more discriminating enthusiasm for Willie's extraordinarily profitable talent.

But—if one has to be pinned down to an assessment—one can, I fear, go no further than to refer

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to Willie as modern letters' pre-eminent journeyman. It's not only that, as novelist or short-story-writer, he scarcely measures up to the towering genius of a Proust or Chekhov: he has notably misunderstood the nature of the personal tragedy in a figure like Hardy, and has been less than percipient, I feel, about some of his later contemporaries—Hugh Walpole, for example . . .

JOHN DIGBY

I often wonder why Willie has never become quite *the* Grand Old Man of English Letters. Seeing that I was out of the way myself, it should have been easy. If only he had settled down in some corner of England that could have become a shrine. . . And then, he has always kept so dangerously up to date. I really think people like a writer they are going to revere to become quietly unmodish. *The Razor's Edge*, for example—almost pure Aldous! And can one imagine Meredith or Kipling appearing on a cinema screen in their eighth decades? I must say that Willie's work has always seemed to me to be *alive* and *sharp* in the wrong way. I don't want, on an occasion like this, to use the word "ephemeral . . ."

EDWARD BLISHEN

MACHIAVELLI (*THEN AND NOW*)

"Il Valentino is dead," repeated Biagio—"but our creator," he added inconsequently, "is still alive, and will soon be 80. *My* creator, I should have said; for of course you, Niccolò, really lived."

"On the contrary," replied Machiavelli, "Messer Guglielmo is as much my creator as yours. Art is larger than life. Leonardo's statue of Francesco Sforza was both larger and greater than its model. Botticelli's Venus bears little likeness, I imagine, to the deified procuress of antiquity; nor would the original Beatrice find Dante's pages much of a mirror.

"Take this comedy I've written," he went on. "I drew on Apuleius, Petronius, my own exper——er, my observation of life; but the characters are no mere portraits, they are new beings of flesh and bone. Of flesh, anyway: as regards bone our creator of course has the advantage. He was trained as a doctor, I as a diplomat."

J. P. STEVENSON

PRYCE (*P. & O.*)

'E knows 'is onions, all right. Proper ole cynic, too. Well, you get like that, going abaht the world. The way 'e 'its off the nobs! Leastways, that's wot they like to think theirselves. But ole S.M., 'e sees through 'em proper. Gov'ment officials, planters, missionaries, natives, 'ores—cor, they all come alike to 'im. 'E jus' ses to 'imself "Now, wot's this bloke reely like? Wot makes 'im tick?"—as you might say. An' before you can say "Lambeth Walk," 'e's got 'im dahn in 'is little notebook, like a bug in a bottle. Knows 'is Cockneys too, 'e does. Reckon it's cos 'e started out as a medico in London. 'O course, some smart Alecs sneer at 'im. Say 'e's just an entertainer. Well, give me a bloke wot can keep me reading 'is stuff any day 'o the week, an' you can keep your long-'aired pansies.

H. A. C. EVANS

CHESS: Hastings Reborn

No. 224

After many years of stagnation the glory of Hastings is back in all its ancient splendour, and all the more magnificent is Alexander's achievement against some truly grandmasterly competition. Much praise is due to the organisers and to F. A. Rhoden, the new Tournament Director who obtained a press coverage such as no British Chess event has ever enjoyed. The world should know by now that the yellow liquid consumed by Alexander was not whisky but glucose, and that Bronstein, delicately munching chocolate, has a pleasing way of cowering behind his chair and peering over the board. Publicity may seem trifling to those of us mainly concerned with opening theory and endgame technique, but it helps to popularise the game. Why, even the chambermaid said "goody-goody" when told that Alexander had won his Marathon; she could not tell a R from a P, but she means to learn the game, and so will thousands of others. *Ca c'est bon!*

One of the many pleasing aspects of this tournament was the truly sportsmanlike bearing of our Russian guests when in adversity. The game they played against one another contains a novelty which Bronstein had kept up his sleeve for three years; Black's 7th and 8th move will be called the Hastings variation. Tolush (White) took over an hour to find Q-Q3, securing the draw.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(11) Q x Q ch	K x Q
(2)	P-QB4	P-K3	(12) P x P	K-K2
(3)	Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(13) B-Q2	R-Q1
(4)	Q-B2	P-Q4	(14) B-K2	Kt(5) x KP
(5)	P-QR3	B x Kt ch	(15) Kt x Kt	Kt x Kt
(6)	Q x B	Kt-B3	(16) B-Kt4 ch	K-K1
(7)	P-K3	P-K4!	(17) B-QB3	P-KB3
(8)	QP x P	P-Q5!!	(18) O-O	B-K3
(9)	Q-Q3!	Kt-KKt5	(19) B x Kt	P x B
(10)	Kt-B3	P x P	(20) KR-Q1	K-K2

Here—Matanovic-Alexander—is an equally short and incisive draw, less publicised than the more sensationally decisive games, but none the less interesting. Both players consider it one of their best.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(12) Kt x Kt	P x Kt
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(13) Kt-B3	P-Q3
(3)	B-Kt5	B-B4	(14) Kt-Kt5	Q-K2
(4)	P-B3	Kt-B3	(15) Kt x P	P-B3
(5)	P-Q4	B-Kt3	(16) Q-K4	R-B2
(6)	O-O	O-O	(17) Q-Kt6	Q-R5
(7)	P x P	Kt x P	(18) P-Kt3	Q-R6
(8)	Q-Q5	Kt-B4	(19) B-Kt5	P-Q4
(9)	P-QKt4	Kt-K3	(20) Kt-B6 ch	K-B1
(10)	QKt-Q2	P-B3	(21) Kt-R7 ch	K-Kt1
(11)	B-Q3	Kt x KP	(22) Kt-B6 ch	K-B1

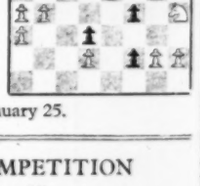
White had to snatch the draw before the Black P-centre became too menacing.

A: S. Tartakower
1921

In the competition, pride of place belongs to the Doyen of the tournament, but so as not to make it too easy even for beginners I am not using one of his Hastings game-positions; and so as not to make it too difficult for a 4-pointer I will add the useful hint that White's brilliant mate in 8 (and in a blindfold performance too!) started with a Q sacrifice. Teschner's neat 4-mover will please our problem-addicts, but if it is to rate 6 ladder-points I mustn't give any hints. **C**—White to win—is an ingenious study and no bargain at 7 points.

B: Rudolf Teschner
1950

C: A. Dunder
1934



Usual prizes. Entries by January 25.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 26

A: (1) R-Kt8 ch, R x R. (2) R-B8 ch, R x R. (3) P-K7 ch, etc.

B: *Key*: B-B5.

C: (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-Kt2. (2) P-Q8 (Kt) ch, K-Kt3. (3) Kt-Q5 ch, K-R4. (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5. (5) Kt-B3 ch, K-Kt6. (6) Kt-R5 ch, K-Kt7. (7) Kt-R4 ch, K-R8. (8) B-K5 ch, B-Q5. (9) B x B ch, R-Kt7. (10) Kt-Kt3 (B x R) mate.

D: (1) R-Kt6 ch, K-R2. (2) R x P ch, K-R3. (3) Kt-B7 ch, Q x Kt. (4) B x Kt ch, B-K6. (5) B x B ch, R-B5. (6) B x R ch, P x B. (7) R-R7 ch, K x R. (8) Q x Q ch, K-R1 (3). (9) Q x Kt ch, K-R2. (10) Q-Kt6 ch, K-R1. (11) Q x P ch, R x Q mate.

E: (1) P-R5, P-B8 (Q). (2) R x Q, P x R (Q). (3) R x Q, R (1)-KKt1. (4) R-B8, R-Kt3 ch. (5) P x R, R x R. (6) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1.

F: (1) R-R3, P-R7. (2) R-K3 ch, K-B1. (3) R-Kt2, R-B1 ch! (4) K-Q7, R-Q1 ch. (5) K x R, K-B2 ch. (6) K-Q7, R-Q1 ch. (7) K x R, P queens. (8) R-B2 ch, K-Kt2. (9) R-Kt3 ch, etc.

If (1) K-B1. (2) R-Kt1! K-K2! (3) R-K1 ch, K-B3 (2). (4) R-B3 ch, K any. (5) R-Kt1 ch, etc.

In spite of the difficulties of **D** and **F** too many correct solutions to mention them all. As for **E**, alternative solutions (with P-R5 delayed) get full marks. Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, Leslie Hale, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

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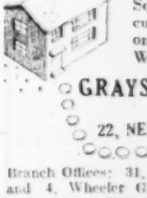

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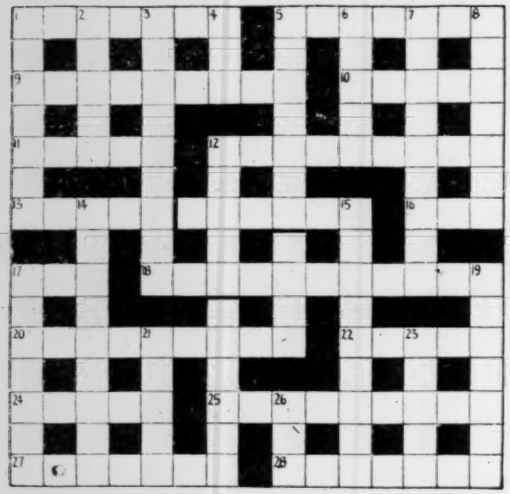

ACROSS

1. There may be stories of chopped logical method (7).
5. A chivalrous person to refer to about nine (7).
9. There is little room for a secret political group (9).
10. Perhaps close the base (5).
11. Where the Arabs are dispersed in Iraq (5).
12. His invention was of the movable type (9).
13. Severe examination for post-graduate academic success (5, 6).
16. It joins two notes and shows the scores are the same (3).
17. Give this writer a penny as a reward (3).
18. Surrounded by the retired and the dead the right answer is to produce a new version (11).
20. Bed is among those things which send us to sleep (9).
22. A run for an actor (5).
24. With so much room a hamlet contains a whole town (5).
25. Artists who make studies about the means of displaying their talent (9).
27. Stalky? Not at all (7).
28. Token of admiration for a star (7).

DOWN

1. Instrument of objection to a dismissal? (7).
2. Up-country uncle of literature (5).
3. A musician partnered in a new ensemble (9).
4. The body after tonic (3).
5. When to pay or seek mercy? (7, 4).
6. He may be discovered in using cribs endangering his chances (5).
7. Musicians love the ruins of Chartres (9).
8. Penny has a date here (7).
12. Track for shortest distances (5, 6).
14. Food which may be chopped up to scare mice (9).
15. Cockney in a small ship below the breaking sea (9).
17. He leaves the fruit (7).
19. Passed away as part of the church in old age (7).
21. It is all right with a good animal (5).
23. Head-dress for one in Brabazon's place (5).
26. I am in a car or it may be a plane (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 81

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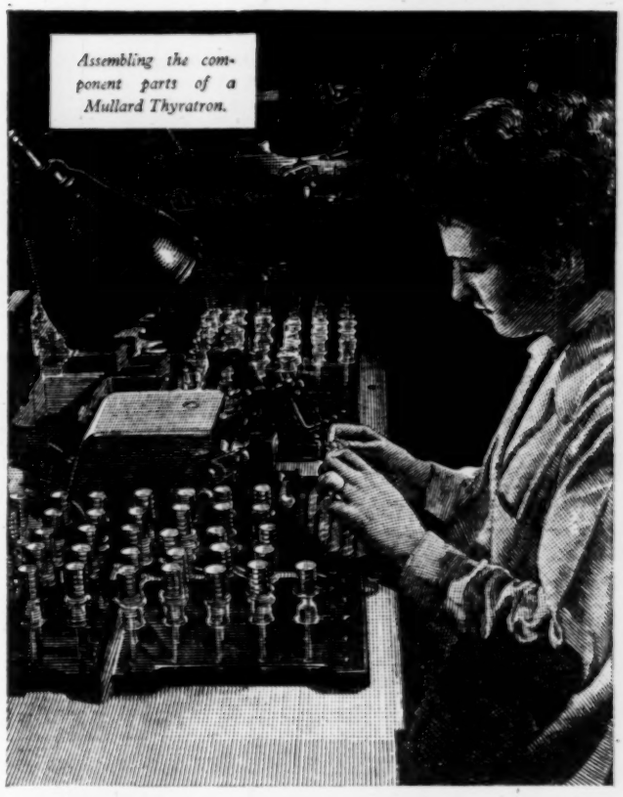

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STAFFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Appointment of Child Welfare Officer (female). Applications are invited for the above appointment in the Children's Department of the Administrative County of Stafford at a salary in accordance with Grade APT I II of the National Joint Council scales, namely £465×£15–£540 per annum plus an appropriate car allowance. Intending applicants, who must have had a wide experience in dealing with children and Juvenile Court procedure, may obtain an application form, with further particulars of the appointment, from the County Children's Officer, 23 Greengate Street, Stafford, to whom completed applications should be returned not later than January 31, 1954. T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council, County Buildings, Stafford.

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MERLIN. New issue. Pratolini, S. Beckett, Wainhouse on de Sade. Poems by Christopher Logue & ors. Photos. by Brassaï. *3s. 2d.* fr. France Features, 15 New Row, W.C.2.

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PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 3520. Sun., Jan. 17, 7.30. "Les Jeux Interdits" (X) (Fr.).

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"MARTHA," Flotow's opera performed by British Grand Opera Society at King George's Hall, Adeline Place, W.C.1 (off Tot. Crt. Rd.). Sat. Jan. 23, 7.15 p.m. Doors open 6.45. Tickets 5s. to 1gn. from Miss L. Cannon, 16 Chalgrove Rd., E.9. AMH. 3190, or at door, in aid of J.N.F.

TRAVEL Forum and Film Show, February 3, 6.30 p.m. Chelsea Town Hall, Kings Rd., S.W.3. Travel Films of Spain, Yugoslavia, Norway, Austria and Corsica will be shown and Travel Experts will answer your questions. Tickets 2s. 6d., from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Jan. 16, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

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DANCE & Social of The London Jewish Society, Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq., Saturday, Jan. 16, 8 p.m. All welcome. Adm. (refreshments included) 3s. 6d., visitors 4s. 6d.

CONCERTS

KONRAD Wolff, pianist from New York, will play at Wigmore Hall tonight, Friday (Jan. 15) at 7.30 two Preludes and Fugues by Bach, Schubert's last Piano Sonata, some short pieces by American Composers (not previously heard in England) and Ravel's "Valses Nobles Et Sentimentales" as the opening recital of his European Tour.

VICTORIA and Albert Museum, S.W.7. Sunday, January 24, at 8 p.m. The English Opera Group presents Peter Pears (Tenor), Benjamin Britten (Piano). Songs by Purcell and Britten, including "Winter Words," Lyrics and Ballads by Thomas Hardy. (First London Perf.) Tickets: Res. 9s., 6s., Unres. 3s., from Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418) & Usual Agents. (On Concert night only at Museum.)

ROYAL Festival Hall. Recital Rm. Tues., Jan. 19, 8.15. Erich Gruenberg (violin), Celia Arieli (piano). Works by Mozart, Stravinsky, Messiaen, Beethoven. WAT. 3191.

POLISH Folk Songs: First recital of folk songs from central Poland, recorded by the famous "Mazowsze" youth choir. Programme introduced by Roy Sear. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. 8 p.m. Fri., Jan. 22 Adm. free. Refr'mts.

EXHIBITIONS

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18, Dover Street, W.1. George Keyt: Paintings & Drawings from Ceylon. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

DUFY. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings and drawings. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 7. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Some Rising Painters.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Pic and Peter Potworowski.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Susana Simon. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Margaret Marks; N. Alexander; A. Garstin, and a selection of paintings by Russian emigré artists. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Jan. 30.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ADAMS Gallery, 24 Davies St., London, W.1. V. Bell, A. John, O.M., R.A., M. Smith, A. Clutton-Brock, R. de Maistre, R. Spear, A.R.A., D. Grant, B. Robb, C. Weight, K. Rowntree, R. Buhler, A.R.A., E. Wakeford.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Closes Jan. 23. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till Jan. 23. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tue. & Thur. 10-8. Admission 1s.

RUMANIAN Books & Journals. Productions of the newly developed Rumanian publishing & printing organisations. Contemporary & classical literature, Art, Music, Sports and Children's books. Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open Jan. 4 to 30, daily 11-6.30, Suns. 2-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by David Russell and Bruce Hollingsworth. Until Feb. 12.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Exhibition by Justin Daraniyagala, Ceylonese painter. Jan. 13 to Feb. 6, 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2. Drawings and Watercolours by Norman Smith. Jan. 3 to Jan. 31.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Alan Clutton-Brock. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. 6 Ceylonese Painters. Jan. 12-30. Dly. 11-6, inc. Saturdays. Admission free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre (entrance Gower Street). Admission free. Jan. 19, Africa and the Origin of Man, Professor D. M. S Watson. Jan. 21, Poetry and Common Life in the Nineteenth Century, Dr. Lilian F. Haddakin. Jan. 26, The Origin of the British Flora, Dr. J. Heslop Harrison. Jan. 28, Science in Seventeenth-Century London, Dr. D. McKie. Feb. 2, Primitive Medicine Among the Lele of the Belgian Congo, Dr. M. Mary Douglas. Feb. 4, Mendel, Michurian and Hybrid Vigour, Mr. J. Maynard Smith. Feb. 9, Pehr Kalm's Journey to North America (1748-1751), Dr. W. R. Mead. Feb. 11, Machiavelli, Professor R. Weiss. Feb. 16, Is it Possible for us to Know the Future? Dr. J. L. Watling. Feb. 18, The London Skyline, Mr. A. G. Ling. Feb. 23, Some Aspects of Stained Glass Design, Mr. H. Warren Wilson. Feb. 25, The Social Condition of Women in Classical Athens, Mr. J. H. Kells. Mar. 2, Petrie and his Egyptological Collection, Mr. A. J. Arkell. Mar. 4, Three Italian Novelists: Pavese, Pivovene and Vigano, Miss Marguerite Chapallaz. Mar. 9, Libraries: Some Problems in Communication, Mr. D. V. Arnold. Mar. 11, Imagery and Meaning in Latin Poetry, Mr. M. Coffey. Mar. 16, Some Aspects of Kabbalistic Literature, Mr. G. Weisz. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower Street, W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Jan. 19, T. H. Bottomore, "The Idea of Progress." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 Fri., Jan. 22. Mr. Povall, "Human Values in Relation to the African Question."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Jan. 23 at 6 p.m. M. A. Garampon: "Le cinéma français depuis 1945."

J. B. COATES: "Is there a Moral Crisis?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Jan. 17, 6.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 17, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Some Verdicts of History." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

INDIA Day celebration, Tuesday, January 26, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2., 7 p.m. Chairman, Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: C. R. Attlee, Sir Walter Monckton, Canon L. J. Collins, V. K. Krishna Menon. Pageant of India with songs, music and folk dance. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. and 1s. from The India League, 47, Strand, W.C.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PROF. H. Brugmans, Rector of the College of Europe, gives talk: "Towards a European Consciousness—practical experiments in cultural field," at Broome Park, near Canterbury, Friday, Jan. 29, 3 p.m. Violin Recital (Miles Baster & B. Woods), 5.30. Concurrent show of paintings (A. Bates, M. Bligh Bond). Lodging facilities. Enquiries to "Broome-Bearers' Society" (address above).

PROG. Bus. Men's Forum. "Do Germany & Japan Threaten Britain's Trade?" A discussion between Lt.-Col. Wentworth Schofield, M.P. (Cons.) (Secretary Yarn Spinners Assn.) and Mr. Ernest Thornton, M.P. (Labour) (Secretary United Textile Factory Workers Assn.) on Thursday, Jan. 28, at 7.45 p.m., at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. May. 4245 for reservations.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. Wed., Jan. 20, Gerald Raffles, Gen. Man. of Theatre Workshop, "A Socialist Art Theatre," St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1, 7.30. Vis. 2s.

DR. Barnett Stross, M.P., on "The Psychology of Food Habits." The London Jewish Society, Tuesday, Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq. Visitors 2s. 6d.

THE Fundamentals of Political Economy: Free Ten-Week Courses open in Westminster, Croydon, Welling, Ilford, Enfield and Hornsey next week. Tel. The Henry George School of Social Science, ABB. 6665.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1, Fri., Jan. 22, 8.15 p.m. Introductory Talk: "The Use and Abuse of Psychoanalysis in Discussions on Modern Art," by Professor Gombrich, followed by discussion. Chairman: Frederick Laws. Members 2s., guests 3s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1, Tuesday, Jan. 19, 8.15 "Science Fiction," by Lawrence Alloway. Chair.: Arthur Clarke. Mems. 2s. Guests 3s.

ACADEMY House, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. (Park 7379.) Pushkin Club, Fri., Jan. 15, 8 p.m. Stephen Graham: "Pictures from Old Russia." Visitors 2s. 6d.

ST. Marylebone Fabian Soc. Dinner Meeting, Jan. 19, 7 p.m. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. on "Kenya." The Mayflower Restaurant (corner Baker St. and George St.) Guests 6s. Essential to ring CUN. 7123.

ANNIVERSARY Lecture on Chu Yuan, great Chinese poet and statesman, by David Hawkes. Chairman: Dr. Arthur Waley, F.B.A., Thursday, Jan. 21, 7.30, 45 Russell Sq., W.C.1. Admission free. Questions and Discussion. Cultural and Scientific Committee, Britain-China Friendship Assn.

CHESSER, Dr. Eustace. Lecture on "The Psychology of the Scapegoat." In the chair: Sir Gerald Barry. Monday, January 25, 8 p.m. A.I. Club, 43-44, Gt. Windmill Street, Piccadilly, W. 1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon: send a card to the Warden for 1954 Handlist of residential Courses and Conferences.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m. Sunday, Jan. 17. Studio 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discrse. Tom Wardle "Towards a Spiritual Revolution."

THE Argument for Collateral Marital Union if wanted, for each sex after 7 years wed, with graphs and diagrams. Edward A. Wilson, M.D., Non-Register. Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Mon., Jan. 25, 7.30. Collection. Bayswater (Circle), Queensway (Central) 1 min. No further notice.

SARADA Centenary Celebrations Inauguration by Kenneth Walker, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Jan. 21, at 7.30. Speakers: Swami Ghanananda, Dr. R. S. Oiha (Yale University), Dr. T. N. Dave (School of Oriental and African Studies, London), Aravinda Basu (Spalding Lecturer, Durham Univ.). All welc.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

"4000 Miles through the Soviet Union": A. Percival, and film "People's Festival"—song and dance finals in U.S.S.R. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Jan. 18, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. B.S.F.S. Educ. Cttee.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue on "Technics and Industrial Democracy" between J. B. Coates and Paul Derrick at 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2. Thursday, Jan. 21 at 7.30 p.m.

ANGLO-GERMAN Association: Dr. G. P. Gooch on "The Bulow Period." Chairman: Lord Pakenham. Thursday, January 21, Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

AFRO-West Indian S. & C. Socy., 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Sun., Jan. 17, 7. Debate: "Russia is the Cause of World Tension."

THE Friday Club meets weekly at 4A Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2, at 7.45 p.m., from Fri., Jan. 15. Debates, talks, social evenings, etc. 7s. 6d. per half session. Apply Sec., Marjorie Kew, 5D Westbourne Gdns., W.2, or at any Meeting.

DCOWAN on "Recent Trends in Modern Arabic Literature," Fri., January 22, 8.15 p.m. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (off Leinster Terrace or Devonshire Terrace). All welc.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies, in association with the Atomic Scientists' Association. Six University Extension Lectures on Atomic Energy. Wednesdays at 7 p.m. from January 20, 1954, in the Beveridge Hall, Senate House, W.C.1. Lecturers: Sir John Cockcroft, Professor O. R. Frisch, Professor F. E. Simon, Dr. J. F. Loutit, Dr. E. E. Pochin, Professor Kathleen Lonsdale, Sir George P. Thomson. Course fee: 10s.; single lectures 2s. Further details may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, The University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Tel: Museum 8000.

"THE Cinema in Britain To-day." Eight public lectures, Tuesdays at 6.30, beginning Jan. 26. Speakers include: Roger Manvell (Structure and Problems of the Industry), T. E. B. Clarke (Writing for the Screen), Bernard Miles (Acting for the Films), Paul Rotha (The Documentary Film), R. J. Spottiswoode (Recent Technical Developments). Course tickets 7s. 6d. Single lectures 2s. 6d. Tickets & details: Sec., Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1. WAT. 6872.

LEARN to Act.—Unity Theatre's training course for actors and actresses commences next week. A unique opportunity to combine study with practical theatrical work. Apply Productions Organiser, Unity Theatre, 1 Goldington St., N.W.1. Eus. 5391, 1821.

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BIOCHEMIC Therapy a course of 16 lectures by Dr. Henry Gilbert—Feb. 2. Dcts. Biochemic Centre, 80 Mortimer St., W.1.

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. New Term begins Sunday, January 17, at 10 a.m., when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 7 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue, apply School Secretary.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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DUTTON'S Secretarial School. Three months' afternoon course in Shorthand and Typewriting starts Jan. 18. Evening Classes Jan. 11. Details from 92 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

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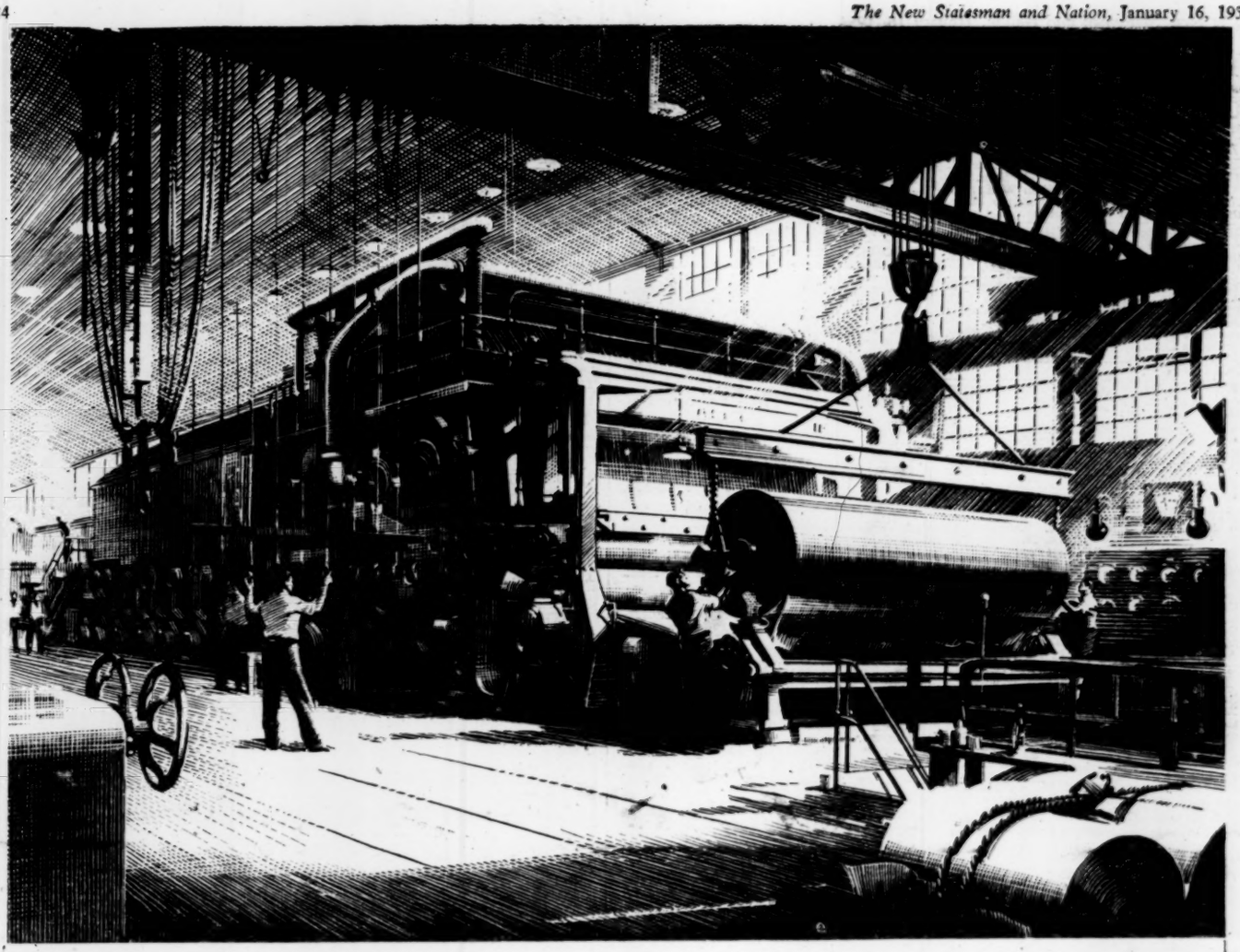

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